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CHRISTMAS NUMBER

OF

· HEALTH ·

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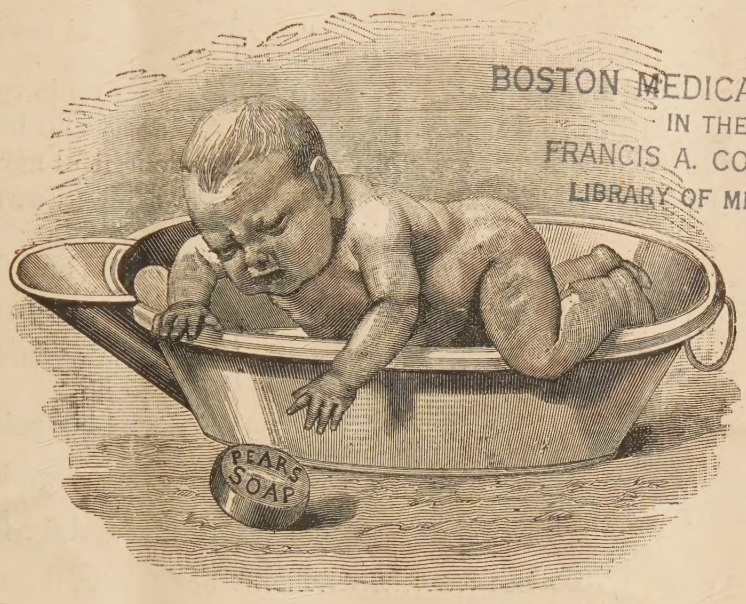

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CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

HEALTH

EDITED BY

DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.

LONDON: *FRIDAY, DECEMBER* 16, 1887.

The Editor of HEALTH *wishes his readers "the Compliments of the Season," and expresses the hope that good health and happiness may attend them during the coming year.*

THE GREY LADY.

By T. W. SPEIGHT,

Author of "The Mysteries of Heron Dyke," &c.

"Laxton Chase, by Sinchester.

"MY DEAR OLD JACK,—Yours to hand. Am laid by the heels, and have been, for two months. Typhoid fever. Am getting round again first-class. Awfully sorry to hear you are about leaving the Old Country. As I can't go to see you, you must come to see me, and stay as long as you possibly can. No excuses. The guv. joins me in the invitation. Heaven knows, I need cheering up a bit; and to see your dear old phiz again will do me more good than the contents of all Dr. Voss's multi-coloured bottles. Wire day and train, and dog-cart shall meet you at Sinchester. Am too weak to write more.—Always yours,

"FRANK WOODFALL."

Such was the letter read by me, John Elwin, one morning over breakfast. Frank Woodfall and I had been great chums at Harrow; but when the time came for each to take his next step in life, our paths had diverged. Frank, who was the grandson of a wealthy baronet, and had no definite views with regard to a career, had gone to Oxford more because it was the proper thing to do than for any ambition he had to take a degree; while I, the son of a poor country practitioner, had proceeded to Edinburgh, and subsequently to Paris, there to study in the schools and hospitals in which my father had studied a quarter of a century before me.

Since our Harrow days, Frank and I had met only some three or four times in all. He was still the same warm-hearted, impulsive fellow I had always known him to be; the difference in our social status was a difference never recognized by him in any way. Now that I had accepted a situation abroad, which might keep me out of England for a dozen years to come, I felt that I should like to grip his hand once again before my departure. Hence my letter to him, and his reply.

Five days later found me at Laxton Chase, an old rambling Jacobean mansion, far too big for the present needs of the family, which, in addition to Frank, comprised only his grandfather, Sir Everard Woodfall, and the widow of the baronet's second son. Frank had lost both his parents some years previously, and as his father had been Sir Everard's eldest son, he was heir to the title and estates.

Sir Everard, who had been a great Nimrod in his time, was now close on seventy years old, and was a martyr to gout. He was wheeled about the house and grounds in a Bath chair; but whenever there was a meet within half-a-dozen miles of the Chase, he would insist on donning his old hunting suit, and would be driven over in a pony-chaise to see the hounds throw off.

He welcomed me effusively. I have no doubt that Frank had impressed him in my favour, and it was easy to see that his grandson's slightest wish was law to him. On the evening of my arrival I dined with the baronet and his daughter-in-law; but after that first day I begged to be excused, on the plea of wishing to spend as much time as possible with my friend.

And the widow—Mrs. Captain Woodfall, as the servants used to call her—what of her? It can only be said that to me she was an enigma—a mystery.

Subsequently I heard a good deal about her from one source or another. Her husband, the younger of the baronet's two sons, had been a sort of family scapegrace, whose debts had been paid over and over again by his father. He had met her when stationed with his regiment in the West Indies, where he had died of yellow fever some three years after his marriage. Mrs. Woodfall was of mixed descent, her grandfather on her mother's side having been a Frenchman, who had emigrated during the First Revolution; but it was my opinion then, and I have seen no reason to change it, that there was a strain of negro blood in her composition, though I have no doubt she would have indignantly denied the soft impeachment.

But be that as it may, no one could be long in her society without admitting that she was possessed of great powers of fascination. Although she had only been about three months at the Chase, the baronet was already completely under her thumb. Nothing could be done, no action of any kind could be initiated, without the sanction of Mrs. Captain Woodfall. Matters big and little were all referred to her; from the steward to the kitchen-maid, everyone acknowledged her sway. In age Mrs. Woodfall might be anything between twenty-three and thirty; there were days when she looked years older than she did at other times. Her husband, I believe, had been quite fifteen years her senior. In figure she was tall, lithe and slender, and all her movements were characterised by a sort of soft, feline gracefulness. Her complexion was dark, but not more so than that of many Europeans; while her features were clearly and delicately cut. She had a great mass of jet-black silky hair, with a natural wave in it. Her eyes, the whites of which were flecked with yellow, were large and luminous, and of the deepest black, with startling turns of light and shade in them, which went far to prove to me that other blood than that of our phlegmatic island race coursed through her veins. Mrs. Woodfall at once attracted and repelled me. I should have been nonplussed if called upon to analyse the curiously compound feeling with which she inspired me. But, as I have said already, she was an enigma.

Frank's letter had led me to expect that all danger was over, and that he was fairly on the way to recovery, but the condition in which I found him shocked me greatly. There seemed nothing left of him but skin and bone; his weakness was extreme, while the deathlike pallor of his face was startling even to me who had been used to the sights of a hospital.

"Ah," said Frank, his bright, feverish eyes fixed on my face, as I sat by his bedside with one of his hands in mine, "I can tell from your phiz, old chap, that you don't think me as well as you expected to find me. But I really was a great deal better, and getting on like a house on fire, till a few days ago; then all at once I seemed to slip back again, and since then I've made no headway worth speaking of. I can see that old Voss is puzzled, and doesn't know what to make of these 'fresh symptoms,' as he calls them. About every other day he

changes my physic. It's an awful nuisance having to swallow so many horrid messes."

During the extreme period of Frank's illness two trained nurses had been in attendance on him; but after his case had taken such a favourable turn, the services of both were dispensed with, one a little time after the other. Now, however, when his illness seemed to be developing a new character, a night nurse had been sent by Dr. Voss. She was a woman about five and thirty years old—bright, alert, of superior manners, and evidently a person of considerable educational acquirements. She was known as Sister Agnes.

By the end of the second day after my arrival at the Chase, if Frank could not be said to be any worse, it certainly would not have been safe to say that he was any better. His symptoms were always most aggravated during the morning hours. About noon he would begin to rally, and as the day advanced the improvement would become more marked, while the evening hours were best of all. Dr. Voss was evidently much perturbed. He was like a man fighting an enemy in the dark, whom he cannot see, and with whose means of attack he is unacquainted.

Twice a day Sir Everard was wheeled into his grandson's room, his visit on each occasion being timed to ten minutes. Men of his stamp nearly always have a horror of a sick room, and the worthy baronet always looked relieved when the ten minutes came to an end. He was sympathetic and cheery, looking forward to his grandson's recovery as an assured fact, which a little time would suffice to verify. I fancy that Dr. Voss, whether wisely or unwisely, had said nothing to him with reference to his grandson's relapse. Mrs. Woodfall always accompanied the baronet on his evening visits. She had a softly sympathetic manner, and, like Sir Everard, always took a cheerful view of the situation; but whether in her case it resulted from ignorance, or was merely assumed for the purpose of backing up the old man's illusion, it would be impossible to affirm. She never stayed in the sick-room more than three or four minutes at a time, but made a point of leaving grandfather and grandson together.

"It's a funny thing, Jack, but I never liked that woman from the first," said Frank to me one day; "and the more I see of her the less I seem to cotton to her. Like Dr. Fell, the reason why I cannot tell. And for all her silky, gracious ways, I am as convinced as I am of anything that she hates me in her heart. But, under the circumstances, that perhaps is hardly to be wondered at." He did not explain himself further, and I forbore to ask any question.

It was either on the same or the following day that he said to me, "Do you know, old man, I fancy that sometimes I am not quite in my right senses. On two occasions lately, when I have woke up suddenly in the night, I could have sworn that I saw the Grey Lady moving about my room."

"The Grey Lady!" I said. "Who is she?"

"The family ghost. Did I never tell you that the Chase is said to be haunted by a ghost in the shape of a a female figure robed from head to foot in dark grey? She is said to have been an ancestress of mine who committed a dreadful crime more than two hundred years ago. I'll tell you the story one of these days. Of course I've known all about the ghost as long as I can remember, but I never saw anything of her till the other night. It's enough to give any fellow a turn, I can tell you, to wake up all in a moment and see a dim grey figure moving about one's room. Both times when I saw the figure, or fancied I saw it, I started up in bed, which I shouldn't have had the strength to do if I hadn't been in an awful funk, and the same instant the thing vanished. My cry brought in the Sister, but of course there was no one to be found. It's all the result of weakness, I suppose. If I were superstitious, which I'm not, I might perhaps look upon it as a warning."

That Frank was right in his supposition that the hallucination he had described to me was the result of physical weakness I had not at the time the slightest doubt. A couple of days later, however, I saw some reason to modify that opinion. Sister Agnes, who was aware that I belonged to the medical profession, asked to have five minutes' conversation in private with me; but before setting down what she had to tell me a few explanatory words become necessary.

Frank's rooms were two of a series of five or six opening out of a corridor in the south wing of the house, of which his were the only ones at present occupied. The bedroom had two doors, one leading into the corridor, the other giving admission to a dressing-room, from which also a door opened into the corridor. A considerable portion of the fittings and effects of both rooms had been removed at the beginning of Frank's illness, so that the rooms now presented a somewhat cheerless and denuded appearance. In Frank's room, besides the bed itself, from which the hangings had been stripped, there were two or three chairs, a round table, an old-fashioned bureau, and an equally old-fashioned Chinese screen, the gilt dragons and other impossible monsters on which had long ago faded into dingy obscurity. The dressing-room was nearly as bare as the bedroom. In this latter room Sister Agnes every evening took up her quarters for the night, the door of communication between it and the bedroom being kept open, so that a word from the patient could summon her in a moment, besides which a tiny gong was ready to his hand. The time of year being early September, there was no need for a fire in either of the rooms; but the nurse was supplied with a small spirit-lamp, by the aid of which she could make herself a cup of tea or heat anything for her patient. In the bedroom a dim night-light was kept burning during the dark hours; in the ante-room a moderator lamp supplied the needful illumination. Finally, the door which opened from the bedroom on the corridor was kept locked night and day, except when Sir Everard visited his grandson. At other times no one could obtain access to the sick man except by passing through the ante-room.

What Sister Agnes had to tell me was enough to disturb any man and set him wondering. She began by saying that there was something strange, something uncanny, about the place, such as she had never had any experience of elsewhere. She, who was noted for her wakefulness and unceasing attention to those under her charge, was here, at the Chase, by the time she had been a couple of hours on duty, all but overcome by a dull, heavy lethargy, by an inertia which she was almost powerless to resist. More than once she had been impressed by a vivid consciousness of the presence of

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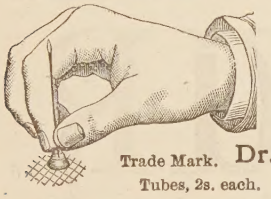

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some one in the inner room—that is to say, of someone beside her patient. It was a consciousness which she could not describe in words, because it sprang from no definite impression conveyed to any one sense in particular. Though knowing how impossible it was that anyone should be there, she had, by a great effort, thrown off the lethargy which held her down as with an iron hand, and taking her lamp with her, had examined every corner of the bedroom, but to no purpose. And yet, as she very naturally remarked, it was most curious that on two occasions Mr. Frank should have started up in the middle of the night, and have cried out that he had seen the Grey Lady: but of course we knew that people in his condition are sometimes a prey to very singular delusions.

I was thoroughly puzzled by what the Sister told me. All I could do was to recommend unceasing watchfulness, knowing at the same time it was quite superfluous on my part to do so.

A day or two later Sister Agnes spoke to me again. If I was surprised before by what she told me, this time I was dumbfounded.

Last night, she averred, she too had seen the Grey Lady. Without exactly knowing why she should have done so, she had changed the position of the large leather-covered chair in which she kept her vigils, so as to allow of a fuller view of the interior of the bedroom than the previous position of the chair would allow of her having. The time was a quarter past one. She was awake but struggling against that unaccountable drowsiness she had told me of before. Her eyelids seemed as if they were weighted with lead, there was a feeling of numbness over all her senses. The lamp in the ante-room was turned half down, the night-light in the bedroom burnt faint but clear. Suddenly between the two lights there glided a female figure robed from head to foot in dark grey, with a hood of the same drawn closely over its head. It moved from the near side of the room past the foot of the bed, and was lost to view on the farther side behind the Chinese screen. There was the faintest possible rustle as of a trailing robe, which at any less quiet hour of the twenty-four would have been inaudible; and that was all. In conclusion, Sister Agnes said that it might have been a few seconds only, or it might have been a full minute, she could not tell which, before she could sufficiently command her faculties to enable her to start up and rush into the inner room. As before, not a creature was to be found. On this occasion Mr. Frank was sleeping soundly.

Dr. Voss looked graver at each visit. Again and again he changed Frank's medicine; he questioned both the Sister and me closely—of course, out of the patient's hearing; but, whatever his opinion might be, he kept it, with professional reticence, to himself. He had been told that I sat with Frank during the greater part of each day, hence his reason for questioning me. Probably also, he had been informed by the Sister that I was a humble member of his own noble profession, but if so he never let any intimation of the fact escape him.

I was more troubled by what Sister Agnes had told me last than by anything that had gone before. She seemed to me a singularly clear-headed woman, and whatsoever hallucinations poor Frank might be the victim of, it was most unlikely that she should share them in any way. At length—that is to say, within forty-eight hours of my last private talk with the Sister, for every hour was now becoming of importance—I made up my mind to a certain course. Unknown to anyone but herself, I would keep watch for one or two nights, in company with Sister Agnes. It was evidently a great relief to her when I told her of my intention, for it could no longer be doubted that even her trained nerves were becoming seriously affected. Accordingly, she admitted me noiselessly into the ante-room a little after eleven o'clock, when the rest of the household had retired for the night.

I had brought some books with me, and we took up our positions for the night, one on each side of the empty fireplace, with the table between us, on which stood the lighted lamp. The door leading into the bedroom was, as usual, three parts open. The Sister employed herself with sewing, her needle moving in and out of her work with the even-paced regularity of an automaton. As a matter of course, we were debarred from talking, for not even Frank was to know of my presence; now and then a whisper passed between us, but that was all. For upwards of an hour I busied myself with my books, but by-and-bye I shut them and fell into a train of thought induced by something I had been reading. My easy-chair did not belie its name; it was roomy and comfortable. As I lay back in it, deep in thought, my eyes fixed with a sort of half-conscious fascination on the movements of Sister Agnes's needle, a not unpleasant drowsiness began to steal over me. And yet it was not like the natural drowsiness which results from a healthy desire for sleep, but rather a drowsiness which steeps the senses and dulls the brain as when one is under the influence of some powerful opiate. I recollect saying to myself, "So this is the strange lethargy of which the Sister spoke! It is very peculiar certainly, and rather seductive. There can be no harm in remaining under its influence for a few minutes longer by way of experiment. It will be time enough to throw it off when I feel it overpowering me." So much I remember, but nothing more.

An hour or more passed, but still I slept, so soundly that the Sister was afraid to try to awake me lest my presence in the room should be discovered by Frank. But at length I was aroused by a clutch at my arm and an excited whisper in my ear. "The Grey Lady!—she was there but a moment ago." Once again the Sister had beheld the mysterious, hooded figure glide across that portion of the inner room which was visible from where she was sitting; but whether the creature were a phantom or a reality, not the slightest trace of her was to be found when we searched the room a minute or two later. I felt more disgusted with myself than words can tell.

In the course of next day I worked out a certain theory in my mind which I determined to put to the test without delay. As before, Sister Agnes admitted me between eleven and twelve o'clock. This time I had brought a couple of bottles with me, one of them containing a colourless and inodorous mineral oil, the other being an empty one. Into the latter, having first extinguished the light, I poured the oil out of the lamp, after which I refilled the lamp from the full bottle I had brought with me. That night neither Sister Agnes nor I were affected by any sense of drowsiness or oppression; all through the dark hours we remained as wakeful as ever we had been in our lives; but our vigil was to no purpose as far as the Grey Lady was concerned—we saw nothing of her.

About five o'clock I bade the Sister good morning and went to my own room, taking the oil with me for future examination. It was evident to me that it had been tampered with—but in what way?—by whom?—and

with what object? Those, however, were questions to which at present no answer was forthcoming. That I was on the track of the mystery I could scarcely doubt, but I was utterly at a loss to know what my next step ought to be. All I could do at present was to watch and wait.

When I went to see Frank after breakfast, it seemed to me that there was a slight, a very slight, improvement in his condition.

When I took up my watch for the third time, I changed the oil in the lamp, as on the night before; but that was not all. In the dressing-room was an oval Venetian mirror, the position of which I now proceeded to change by transferring it to that of a certain picture, which I removed for the purpose. In its new position, by sitting opposite to it at a certain angle, being myself invisible to anyone in the bedroom, I commanded in the mirror a view of the table on which Frank's medicines and cooling drinks were placed for the night. When all was ready, I fixed my chair at the proper angle and began my watch.

Between one and two o'clock, my eyes at the moment being fixed steadily on the glass, I beheld a grey, hooded figure emerge from behind the screen, cross by the foot of the bed, approach the table, halt there, empty the contents of a tiny phial into the sick man's jug of barley water, and then pass back and disappear by the way it had come. Neither Sister Agnes nor I stirred; hardly did we breathe. Two questions put themselves to us: Who was the woman? and Whither had she vanished?

The first thing to be done was to remove the jug of barley water, which Sister Agnes did a few minutes later. Frank nearly always woke up about four or five o'clock, feverish and thirsty, and asked for the barley water, a jug of which was kept constantly by his bedside. This morning I took the barley water away with me, as I had taken the oil, for subsequent analysis.

Next day there was a decided improvement in Frank's condition. Dr. Voss noticed it at once, and became quite beaming and jocular. He evidently attributed the favourable turn to the last change he had made in his patient's medicine. Another bottle of the same mixture was sent in forthwith.

In all cases Frank's mysterious visitor was said to have vanished behind the tall Chinese screen which stood in one corner of the room. This forenoon I made it my business to examine more particularly than I had hitherto done what, if anything, was behind the screen. I found nothing whatever, except a chair and a large old-fashioned wardrobe, big enough to hold three or four people even when its doors were shut, built partly into the wall, and evidently nearly, if not quite, as old as the house itself. At present the wardrobe was empty, Frank's clothes having been taken away at the beginning of his illness. Of this ancient piece of furniture, much to Frank's wonderment—to whom, however, I was careful to give no hint of my real purpose—I now made a careful examination, but to no avail. Its stout oaken doors and panels were, to all appearance, as firm and substantial as on the day they were put together. I was more puzzled than I cared to confess.

In the course of the day I made a point of finding my way into the room which opened out of the corridor next to Frank's. One room proved to be a replica of the other. It would appear that Frank had asked that the room in question might be assigned to me, in order that I might be near him, but his wish had been overruled, on the ground that he himself would possibly have to be moved into it in the course of a day or two, in order that his own rooms might be thoroughly disinfected.

The next night passed without any sign or token of the mysterious intruder; but the night after that the Grey Lady appeared again. The circumstances were exactly the same as on the previous occasion. I was sitting with my eyes fixed on the mirror, when suddenly her image was reflected therein. As before, she crossed the room and emptied the contents of a phial into the jug on the table. Then she turned to retrace her steps, but by that time I had risen noiselessly to my feet. It was the work of an instant to spring forward as she was passing the open doorway and seize her by the arm. A quick, gasping shriek rent the silence; with my disengaged hand I flung back the hood which shrouded her features and—not greatly to my surprise, I must confess—Mrs. Woodfall stood revealed!

Frank, roused by the cry, started up on his elbow. Poor fellow! it was as much as his strength would allow of his doing. On the threshold stood Sister Agnes, staring in wide-eyed wonder.

I released Mrs. Woodfall's arm in a moment. "I crave your pardon, madam," I said; "but had you not come in such a questionable shape, my greeting would not have been so discourteous."

She was deadly pale, despite the darkness of her complexion; she glared at me with her yellow-black eyes, which would have struck me dead on the spot could they have had their will.

"You shall answer for this to Sir Everard," she said in a low voice, with one hand catching at her throat as though the words were choking her.

"*A la bonne heure, madame,*" I replied, with a bow, as I stepped back a pace or two.

Without another word, she turned, and drawing her long grey robe more closely around her, she swept slowly out by way of the dressing-room.

My first act was to seize the lamp and drag aside the screen. Then the mystery stood revealed. The doors of the old wardrobe were wide open; wide open also stood the large oblong panel which formed the back of it. This proved, on examination (although it had defied my closest scrutiny when shut), to be worked by means of a hidden spring acting on a noiseless pivot, thus giving access, through the corresponding half of the wardrobe, to the next room, which, as before stated, was at that time unoccupied. To finish with this part of the affair: It can only be surmised that Mrs. Woodfall had obtained her knowledge of the double wardrobe from her husband, who had been born and brought up at the Chase, and was probably acquainted with all the hiding-places and other secrets of the old mansion. From him also she had doubtless heard the legend of the Grey Lady, of which she had made such effective use for the furtherance of her fell purpose.

Mrs. Woodfall failed to call me to account before Sir Everard, as she had threatened to do; indeed, when breakfast time came, she was nowhere to be found; nor from that hour to this has she ever crossed the threshold of Laxton Chase.

Poor Sir Everard was terribly cut up when he found that he had been cherishing on his hearth, not merely a viper, but a serpent of the deadliest type; but his chagrin was largely counterbalanced by thankfulness for his grandson's providential escape. It may be, too, that he was not displeased to find himself relieved from a silken bondage which was fast becoming irksome, and day by day was weaving its toils more inextricably around him.

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[The above letter, dated Sept., 1886, is from a medical gentleman in extensive practice in a large city in the North of Ireland.]

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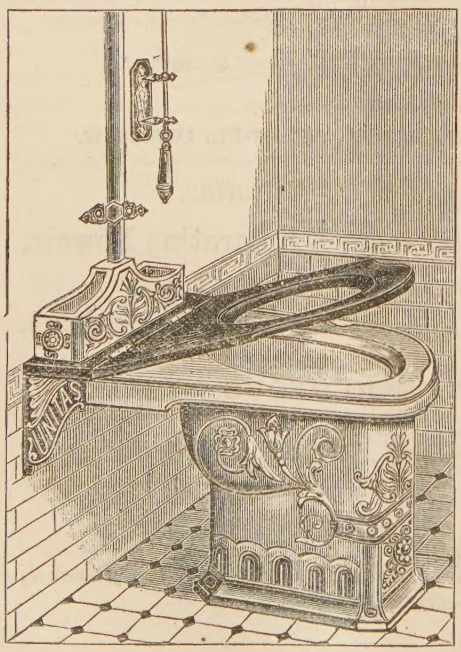

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I now, for the first time, learnt that Mrs. Woodfall had a child, a son, about five years old, whom she had brought with her to the Chase, but who had been sent away the moment Frank's illness declared itself. Had Frank died, this child would have been his grandfather's heir.

A few weeks later, Sir Everard found means of opening communications with the widow, who was absolutely without means of her own. He agreed to make her a certain annual allowance, on condition that she gave over the child into his keeping, and renounced all future claim to him whatever. Mrs. Woodfall was not the kind of woman to refuse so advantageous an offer.

It need scarcely be said that, after that last scene of all, Frank's recovery was as rapid as his best friends could desire.

But two points remain to be elucidated. The liquid which Mrs. Woodfall had poured from time to time into the sick man's barley water proved, on analysis, to be a very slow but deadly poison—one of which, so far as is known, mention has seldom been made in the annals of crime. Through what strange channel she became acquainted with its fatal properties was a mystery which she alone could solve.

More mysterious still was the question as to the nature of the particular constituent which, by some means, Mrs. Woodfall contrived to mix with the oil in the dressing-room lamp. Analysis proved the presence of some powerful narcotic with peculiar properties, which finds no place in our own pharmacopœia, but is probably not unknown in some of our West India Islands (in one of which Mrs. Woodfall was born and brought up), where the negroes who practise the dread rites of Obeah are said to be acquainted with the nature and effects of many strange drugs and medicaments of which we in this part of the world have no knowledge.

A Seasonable Diet.—If, as is commonly supposed to be the case at the "festive season," there is a certain risk incurred of digestive derangement, the evident cure for such a physical *contretemps* must clearly consist in a return to a rigid simplicity of diet. Indeed, were such simplicity—combined, of course, with due attention to the truly nutritious character of the food—more universally practised, half our ailments would be mitigated or altogether abolished. In this view of matters it is satisfactory to be able to point to a food such as Grant's Scotch Oat Flour, made at the Craig Mills, Dundee, which unites in itself the characteristics of a true food with one of equal merit as regards simplicity and healthy nature. The admirable qualities of oatmeal are represented in this Oat Flour, while there is an absence of all grittiness and roughness, such as tend to make the meal itself unsuitable for delicate persons. In the form of porridge, of puddings, and of biscuits, Grant's Scotch Oat Flour is equally palatable, and for dyspeptics it is a singularly useful food, while for children its bone-forming properties render it an invaluable article of diet. In the correspondence columns of Health this food is week by week recommended, and with great success, as a diet for dyspeptics. The value of Grant's Scotch Oatmeal and Grant's Scotch Oat Flour (which are prepared from finest oats grown in the Valley of Strathmore, one of the best oat-growing districts in Scotland) is guaranteed by the highest analytical authority and by the fact that no fewer than four medal awards from foreign and home exhibitions have been awarded to Mr. Grant for the purity and excellence of his manufactures.

THE ELIXIR OF INDIFFERENCE.

By Justin H. McCarthy, M.P.

Geneva is famous for one of its islands, for that little space of soil in the midst of Leman's waters which is associated with the name of Rousseau. But the island of the self-torturing sophist is not Geneva's only one. Another and a larger island lies a little to the north, although now so built upon by houses, and so cinctured by bridges that link it with the populous towns of either bank—the old Geneva and the new—that the traveller might pass it by a thousand times and scarcely notice that it was indeed an island. But an island it is, and a very curious island. It is crowded with a cluster of tall houses, all huddled together so closely that they appear like one solid block of buildings—a very quaint block of buildings too. On the side facing the new town, where the pent waters race their swiftest and maddest, tumbling in great ecstacies of green waves and white foam over the weir, the aspect of this island of houses is flat and commonplace enough. Blank white-washed walls, pierced with lack-lustre windows, convey appropriately enough the notion of a manufactory. The island is given over to various manufactures, which thrive and flourish there. But on the other side of the island, on the side that faces to where old Geneva lies at the feet of her Saleve hill, the island wears an air of almost unrivalled picturesqueness. The houses rise to an enormous height out of the waters—six and seven stories high—and even then, after pausing as it would seem for breath, have budded forth into a couple of additional stories stuck on the summit like a crown. Such odd houses remind the antiquarian of the *insulæ* of old Rome, so tall and gaunt, so teeming with life, so fantastically attractive are they in their incoherent eccentricity.

One house especially, the centre of the group, merited in an especial degree the attention of the curious. Its six successive stories were pierced, tier after tier, with three windows, or rather with three window-like apertures, arched shaped in an easy curve, which gave light to the little passage from which rooms abutted. The people who lived on each of these stories had one thing in common—a taste for flowers.

The simple Swiss are a flower-loving people, and you will see more flowers in windows in an hour's walk through Geneva streets than in any other town that I know of in the old world or the new. But the particular house in this particular island was a perfect blaze of flowers. Each of the arched stories flamed with blossoms and bright leaves, in a kind of oriental wealth of green and gold, and crimson, and azure. How it came to pass that the occupants of these different stories, living as much apart from each other in reality as if they had been occupants of different hemispheres, should have chanced upon the same taste for floral decoration, it would be hard to say. Probably some one tenant set the example, making his window into a little paradise of flower and leaf. Then some other occupant, noticing the rich effect of the colour under the graceful curve of the arches, followed suit to

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save his own terrace from the reproach of bareness, and so on the work proceeded, until each of the successive stories added its quota to a sum total of flowery splendour which rivalled in gorgeousness the famous hanging gardens of Damascus.

At the very summit of this house of flowers lived Kaspar Klink. Kaspar Klink was a philosopher—a philosopher of a strange temper. Something of his fantastic humour might be detected by any keen-eyed stranger, who noticed with an attention sharpened by knowledge the flower-clad side of the worn old building, beneath whose basement timbers the waters swirled and sucked unceasingly. All the little flower gardens were fair, and bright, and graceful, but the garden on the summit, the garden of Kaspar Klink, was different from all the others. His flowers had stranger shapes and stranger dyes, and when the wind blew they wafted to the ways and walks below a stranger perfume. There grew plants which the botanist knew to be possessed of subtle chemic juices. There were others, also, which seemed by odd chance or patient design to be warped from their natural form to some shape or hue or odour wholly foreign to their kind. There never was a stranger garden since the world began than the garden of Kaspar Klink.

The master of the garden was scarcely less strange than the plants he tended. Kaspar Klink was now an old man in years; he had never been really young in his life. He had sought after the impossible all his days. The best years of his young manhood had been squandered in the pursuit of the philosopher's stone. Wearied at last, and convinced of failure, he sought for the secret of perpetual motion till his brain reeled and his senses shook in their lodging. When years of this study left him nothing but a chaos of worthless lumber, cranks and pulleys, and all manner of devices that ought to have worked perfectly and would not, he gave that task up too, and turned with dogged obstinacy to fresh futilities.

He sought to square the circle and failed; he sought for the elixir of life, that he might devote great centuries of existence to his mad pursuits. But he failed in that too, as all men have failed. Then a new thought struck his saddened spirit, and roused him as a stroke of a whip might rouse a dying dog. He said to his sick soul that the wisest thing in life was to be indifferent to all things—ambition, hope, hate, love. He said to himself that he would make mankind happy by compounding a fluid so strange, so potent, that the taste of it would wash from heart and brain all the wild emotions of humanity, and leave the patient that serene indifference to all things which would be the nearest approach to happiness that mankind could dare to hope for.

At this strange purpose he had toiled, ransacking the secrets of Nature, blending all manner of sleepy syrups, till he had attained his purpose. The colourless liquid which he held in the vial between the light and his tired eyes, was, he felt convinced, the Elixir of Indifference. Whoever should taste of it would know human passions, human sorrows, human cares no more. A godlike indifference would usurp the place of the fretful energies which rend and tear mortality, and Kaspar Klink would be hailed as the benefactor of the human race. As the philosopher surveyed the colourless fluid which was the reward of all his years of toil, he asked himself who should be the first to taste felicity. Not Kaspar Klink for certain. If he but sipped the heavenly drink he would himself become indifferent to all things and have no further heed for the happiness of humanity. Who then should first be blessed? Kaspar Klink knew but few people, and he ran hurriedly over those few in his mind. He strayed so seldom from his flower-girdled garret that he was almost as much a stranger in the Geneva streets as if he lived in Mars. The noise and bustle of the thoroughfares frightened him, as bats or owls are frightened by the daylight, and he seldom descended the crazy stairs of his dwelling to venture abroad. But there were one or two people he knew by sight at least, and he mentally reviewed them, estimating the claims of each to the first sip of joy.

On the floor beneath him a young girl dwelt. She was a maker of artificial flowers, and therefore she grew and tended and loved many real ones in her window to serve her as models. She was very pretty. Kaspar Klink knew that, for he sometimes met her on the stairs when he shuffled into the outer world; she had a sweet voice, for he could always hear her singing at her work, and the music had of late become part of his life, and seemed to blend deliciously with his studies. But he thought, with a queer whimsical selfishness which made him smile even while he cherished it, that if she were to taste of his elixir she would become indifferent to her work and would sing no more at it, and so life would lose one of its few charms for him. Then his thoughts dropped down to the next story, where the young student lived.

Kaspar Klink smiled as he thought of the young student toiling night and day at profitless studies, seeking for useless prizes, striving for valueless success with competitors as foolish as himself. What a blessing it would be to the young student to know the true value of life, to cease from the frenzy of knowledge, to walk, fortified by the blessed Elixir of Indifference, composedly on the pathway of life. Kaspar Klink decided that the young student should be the happy first to drink of the wondrous essence. So he got up, holding his precious phial in his hand, and stole downstairs till he came to the door of the young student's room.

The door of the student's room stood ajar, and Klink gently pushed it open and peered in. The student was leaning on the window, and did not notice Klink's entrance. On the table stood an open flagon of wine, a glass, and ink and paper. Klink noiselessly approached, glanced at the writing, and saw that the student was beginning a poem, a love poem, to some girl whose beauty he was striving to honour. Not succeeding as well as he could have wished, he had apparently gone to seek inspiration from the sight of the rushing waters, and was now looking at them and softly singing to himself. Klink smiled grimly. "What a pitiable waste of power," he said to himself, "how happy he will be when———" and then Klink uncorked his phial, and poured a few drops of his precious fluid into the young man's wine. This done, and with the same smile upon his seared face, he stole away as softly as he came, and went to bed and to sleep, and dreamed that the nations had united to crown him monarch of the world.

He was awakened, long after dawn, by a strange sound, a sound he had never before heard in that place—the sound of human sorrow. Usually the first sounds that greeted his philosophic senses in the mornings were the notes of the young girl's voice in the room below as she welcomed the fair day with her matins. But now the suppressed sound of sobbing, of such choking sobs and gasps and groans as must be wrung from a heart indeed in pain alone rose up to him, and made him tremble with a new, vague, grimly unfamiliar sensation of sympathy. He rose up and listened silently.

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TO PRESERVE THE SALT the bottles must be kept well corked, and as the Crystalized Salt commences to deliquesce at a temperature of about 88 degs. Fahr., care must be taken to keep it in a dry cool place but the POWDER (formerly labelled Quellsalz) is preferable for Exportation to all tropical countries, as it undergoes no change. It is taken in the same doses, and has the same effect as the Crystallized Sprudel-Salt.

SOLE IMPORTERS FOR GREAT BRITAIN AND THE COLONIES—

INGRAM & ROYLE,

LONDON: 52, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C. LIVERPOOL: FINNEY LANE. BRISTOL: BATH BRIDGE.

CAN BE OBTAINED OF ALL CHEMISTS.

was sobbing in the room below, someone with a girl's soft voice. Yes, and he knew the voice well too. The voice of the little flower worker, the voice most familiar to his philosophic ears in trills and snatches of merry bird-like song. The withered heart of Kaspar Klink seemed to writhe with an odd pain as he heard the sounds. He listened a little longer, holding his breath anxiously. Still the sobs continued, ringing on his senses like a dirge, till he could bear it no longer.

Hurriedly slipping on his clothes, he stole downstairs and knocked softly, very softly, at the girl's door. For all the softness of his touch the knock was loud enough. The sound of sobbing ceased at once and there was absolute silence on the other side of the door. Kaspar stood motionless for some seconds and then tapped again. This time the door opened and the girl stood before him. She was dressed, and had not been to bed all night; her eyes were red, and her features swollen with much weeping, and as she stood before him there, Kaspar knew that never in his life had he seen anything half so wretched.

They stood looking at each other in silence for some few seconds, the old man and the young girl. Then Kaspar spoke.

"Forgive an old man for troubling you," he said gently, "but I heard you sob, and my heart ached. Can I help you? I might be your father." And while Kaspar said the words a great grief seemed to pervade all his being, as he thought of all the pure and peaceful joys of life from which he had cut himself off—for what? Some subtle magic of his own sorrow lent so great a tenderness to his thin and tuneless voice that the girl, who had kept back her tears thus far, broke out afresh and yet more bitterly.

"He has gone, gone and left me," she moaned.

"Who has gone, who has left you?" Kaspar asked, anxiously.

"My lover," the girl answered bitterly. "We loved each other so long, and were so dear to one another, and we were to marry soon, and our life seemed so happy before us, and now it is all over."

The girl turned back into the room and fell on her unused bed in a perfect paroxysm of weeping. Kaspar gently followed, and was about to soothe her, when he saw a paper lying on the floor. He picked it up. It was a letter from the girl's lover, briefly couched. It told her that he was going away to a great city to make a name, and fame, and fortune; that it would be madness for him to bind himself at the beginning of a career by a marriage; that he hoped she would forget him and forgive him.

As Kaspar turned the letter in his hands he noted on the back the unfinished lines of verse which he had seen in the student's room the night before. With a start he turned to the sobbing girl.

"Tell me, child," he said, "who was your lover?"

"The boy in the room below," the girl answered, and buried her head in the pillow.

Kaspar gave a great groan and left the room. Upstairs again in his own room, he lifted the phial which contained his great discovery and looked at it with wistful eyes. This was the fine result of all his pains and labour. To make youth unfaithful to its vows, false to its promises, untrue to all the generous dreams of its sunrise; to silence for ever the sweet voice whose songs had been for so long the only cheer and solace of his own chill, loveless, lonesome life.

"A mighty result, a mighty result," he sighed. Then he stepped to the window, and, leaning far out, flung the bottle with all his force deep down into the swirling waters below. The restless eddies caught it, swirled it about hither and thither before his view, mockingly, as if tantalizing him with the destruction of all his hopes, and then swept it away far out of sight of his straining eyes.

Then Kaspar set to work in vain among his laboratories and crucibles, and drugs and herbs, and his mouldy books to fashion an antidote to the Elixir of Indifference. In vain. For before he discovered that secret, the girl became a sinner and died a suicide. The student grew for a time famous in a far land, and was hated for his cold selfishness, and was killed at last by a man he had heartlessly wronged. As for Kaspar himself, he died and was buried, and his secrets perished with him.

It is said that the phial containing his Elixir was found by a fisherman, and that it came into a wise man's possession, and that its power is still known to some. But that I do not believe.

The Geddes' Canadian Hemlock Bark Extract.—Among the varied sciences of these latter days, none have been more rapid than that of chemistry as applied to the development and preparation of the vegetable Materia Medica. Into that kingdom of the unknown, chemistry went with determined purpose to ascertain its secrets and learn its values. The sweep of that mission and its abundant benefits are known to all students of medical science, but just now it is our desire to direct attention to one article only among the many as a product of studied and persistent labour, viz., "Abies Canadensis"—as prepared by the Geddes Manufacturing Co., U.S.A.—the Hemlock Spruce of Canada, which grows in abundance, and is sawn into lumber in that region. In no sense is it related to the *Conium maculatum*, or "poison hemlock," which is a shrub; the other a large tree. Some have confounded the two, believing that "Abies Canadensis" and *Conium maculatum* were one and the same; no mistake in Materia Medica could be more inexcusable. The preparation of the Geddes Manufacturing Co. has been in the hands of the medical profession in America for several years, where it is largely used and highly appreciated in those conditions for which it is recommended, and it is now meeting with great success in Great Britain. At the outset we can say it is prepared with scrupulous care, is pure, and can be used without any fear of dangerous results. Medical gentlemen who treat diseases peculiar to females will have abundant cause for gratification by using this remedy. It is to be applied or administered with judgment and proper discernment of the necessities of the case in hand. Mucous and serous surfaces affected with any form of inflammatory or ulcerated conditions receive infinite benefits by the use of this agent. Chronic catarrhal conditions of the posterior and anterior nostrils, and hæmorrhoids, whether they bleed or not, receive very prompt relief by the trituration of such quantity of the extract with vaseline or lard as will form into consistency to be easily applied to the tumours. In acute ulcerative quinsy the extract is invaluable, used as a gargle or spray to the throat, and applied very often. Relief is afforded almost instantly and a cure speedily effected. The extract is more than a vegetable astringent, it has those qualities which impart vitality to the mucous and serous membranes so much needed in all the cases above named.

Charles Reade, the novelist, is credited with having named a dog Tonic, because it was a mixture of bark, steal, and whine.

HOW DR. CANTER STARTED IN LIFE.

By C. C. Rothwell.

"By Jove, but you are snug here, you know! What a fellow you are for dropping on your feet, Canter! But you always had the knack, you know—always. I wish I had some of it!"

Dr. Canter followed his friend's cheerful eyes about the little room and smiled in a deprecating way.

"When *I* do any dropping," pursued Canter's friend, "it's generally on my hands and knees, or my head—anywhere but my feet. 'Pon my word, I almost feel a grudge against you for getting on so well. I feel like braining you with your own fire-irons, if it would do me any good!"

Mr. Buller picked up the tongs, and, after a moment of threatening hesitancy, attacked the fire with them instead of his friend.

"Why, the last time I heard of you, you had a berth on one of the P. & O. ships, and here I find you settled down in a nice little crib of your own with a brass-plate and a patient—Oh, I know you have one, for I saw him myself as I was coming in. Did you buy the practice, Tom?"

"Well, not exactly. I dropped on it partly by accident. I was over visiting my people after my last voyage, and there I met a sort of cousin of mine (we're connected through Noah), who told me about this place, and what a good opening it would be, and all that. So I came along, kit and cargo, and pitched my tent where you find it. Of course I had a few coppers of my own to start with, and I armed myself with an introduction to a Dr. Grady, who had physicked the natives here for forty years and more, and I arranged with him for cash down to introduce me among his patients, but the week after the bargain was struck he took to his bed and died."

"Mean thing to do!" said Buller, with sympathetic disgust. "But you got your shekels back?"

"Not a shekel. The agreement was altogether informal, and there was nothing to show why the money had passed between us."

"And you didn't petition the Crown or the Constitution or the Coroner's Jury or anybody about anything? If I'd been in your shoes, I'd have raised heaven and earth and the other place, to get that money back. But you always were an easy-going beggar, Tom. However, if you are getting on nicely, I suppose you won't trouble about an odd thousand or two."

"No, no," said Canter, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "I'm not particular to an odd thousand or so. There's nothing mean about *me*."

"And you're getting along comfortably, old fellow?"

Canter rose and began to re-charge his pipe. "Oh yes, comfortably enough—considering," he said negligently.

"Ah, of course—considering," Buller hastened to add. "But you always were a lucky beggar, you know," he repeated, returning to his old formula; "and I'll trouble you for that 'baccy, please. Thanks."

It was late that night when young Buller left his friend's door-step and strode off chanting down the street to his hotel in another part of the town. He had recently joined the Army Medical Staff, and breaking his journey up to London at a certain Northern city, had chanced to meet his old College chum, who had settled down as a general practitioner in the outskirts of the town, and, mutually delighted at the encounter, they had passed the evening together in Tom Canter's little house.

Tibb-street is not by any means an interesting locality. It consists of two long rows of mean, brick houses, each one like all the rest, or, perhaps, a shade dirtier. The population living in Tibb-street, and a hundred similar and surrounding streets, occupies itself during the week in mills and foundries, and on a Sunday, if the day be fine, in smoking its pipe at its open door, in shirtsleeves; if it be wet, or windy, or cold, in smoking its clay in one of the many adjacent bar-rooms.

After a cursory inspection of the locality, Canter had been at first greatly depressed at the prospect of going into residence among such squalid surroundings; but his cousin, who lived, however, at the further side of the city, had pointed out, with a fat and insistent fore-finger, the advantages of opening in a neighbourhood so thickly populated and so thoroughly unhealthy.

"You'll find it a regular mine of gold," said this cousin glowingly. "The death-rate is tremendous!"

After some demur, Tom decided to go a-digging in this gold-mine, and try his luck in Tibb-street. An initial difficulty was the trouble in finding suitable quarters in the neighbourhood. None of the tenements were empty, and they were all too small. At length he secured a house at one end of Tibb-street which hitherto had been used as a shop, and was more commodious than any of its fellows. Alterations were, of course, necessary, and about £50 of Canter's little fortune were transformed into bricks and mortar and carpentry; the remainder of that £100 being dedicated to the purchase of furniture, medicines, &c. All, at last, being in readiness, Canter transferred himself into his new quarters on a Saturday night, in company with an Irish serving-maid, who had been in his widow-mother's service for many years, and whom Mrs. Canter handed over to her son with affectionate tears and a blessed conviction that as long as he had Molly in his kitchen to cook his chops and clean his pans and boots, he might hope for the best and need not fear the worst. Molly seemed to think so too, and determined to keep house for her young "masther" in a way that should convince him of her matchless superiority.

On Sunday morning it became generally known in Tibb-street that "t' new doctor-chap" had made his *début* in the locality, and there was a great deal of promiscuous staring at the fresh brass plate on the door which bore the name,

"T. Canter, M.B., M.R.C.S.,"

upon it; and in the various bars the owner of the name and plate formed the subject of not a little uncomplimentary conjecture and the unconscious butt of many a beery jibe.

The first case which paid a visit to the new doctor staggered into his neat little surgery on Wednesday morning and fell down on the floor and lay there, breathing beer and curses. It was "cracked" Jemmy, the favourite local idiot, whom the children jeered at and the men amused themselves by making drunk. Canter turned him over with his foot, saw the fellow was tipsy and incontinently kicked him out of doors.

Now when Tibb-street came to hear that its privileged fool had been maltreated and "punced" by the new doctor, its indignation was a thing to tremble at. By way of reparation for injuries received, cracked Jemmy was kept in a state of permanent intoxication for a week or more; while for his share in the transaction Canter had black looks and surly neglect from all loyal folk of that

ESTABLISHED 1830.

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A REMARKABLE CASE.

Under the above heading the *Doncaster Reporter* of July 6th, 1887, publishes the following in its editorial columns :—

Our readers may recall the circumstance of a young clerk, named Arthur Richold, falling insensible in the Wheatley-lane in this town some time ago, and being picked up, as he continued perfectly helpless, and taken in a cab by two gentlemen to the office of F. W. Fisher, Esq., the solicitor who employed him. On restoring him to consciousness it was ascertained that he was afflicted with what seemed to be an incurable disease. When he was able to speak he said he had been to his dinner and was on his way back to his work, when suddenly his head was in a whirl and he fell in the street like a man who is knocked down. On coming to his senses in the solicitor's office he thought what this might mean, and feared he was going to have a fit of illness, which we all know is a very dreadful thing for a poor man with a family to care for.

With this in his mind he at once sought the best medical advice, telling the doctors how he had been attacked. They questioned him, and found that his present malady was exhaustion of the nervous system, resulting from general debility, indigestion, and dyspepsia of a chronic nature. This in turn had been caused by confinement to his desk and grief at the loss of dear friends by death. The coming on of this strange disease, as described by Mr. Richold, must be of interest both to sick and well. He had noticed for several years previously, in fact, that his eyes and face began to have a yellow look ; there was a sticky and unpleasant slime on the gums and teeth in the morning ; the tongue coated ; and the bowels so bound and costive that it induced that most painful and troublesome ailment—hæmorrhoids. He says there was some pain in the sides and back, and a sense of fulness on the right side, as though the liver were enlarging, which proved to be the terrible fact.

These things had troubled Mr. Richold a long time, and after his fall in the street he clearly perceived that the fit of giddiness was nothing more than a sign of the steady and deadly advance of the complaint, which began in indigestion and dyspepsia. His story of how he went from one physician to another in search of a cure, that his wife and little ones might not come to want, is very pathetic and touching. Finally, he became too ill to keep his situation, and had to give it up. This was a sad calamity. He was appalled to think how he should be able to live. But God raised up friends who helped to keep the wolf from the door. He then went to the seaside at Walton-on-the-Naze, but neither the change nor the physicians who treated him there did any good. All being without avail, he visited London, with a sort of vague hope that some advantage might happen to him in the metropolis. This was in October, 1885.

How wonderful, indeed, are the ways of Providence, which dashes down our highest hopes and then helps us when we least expect it.

While in London he stated his condition to a friend, who strongly advised him to try a medicine which he called *Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup*, saying it was genuine and honest, and often cured when everything else had failed. He bought a bottle of a chemist in Pimlico, and began using it according to the directions. He did this without faith or hope, and the public may, therefore, judge of his surprise and pleasure when, after taking a few doses, he felt great relief. He could eat better, his food distressed him less, the symptoms we have named abated, the dark spots which had floated before his eyes like smuts of soot gradually disappeared, and his strength increased. Before this time his knees would knock together whenever he tried to walk. So encouraged was he now that he kept on using *Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup* until it ended in completely curing him.

In speaking of his wonderful recovery, Mr. Richold says it made him think of poor Robinson Crusoe, and his deliverance from captivity on his island in the sea ; and added, "But for Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup the grass would now be growing over my grave."

Our readers can rest assured of the strict truth of all the statements in this most remarkable case, as Mr. Richold (now residing at Swiss Cottage, Walton-on-the-Naze) belongs to one of the oldest and most respected families in the beautiful village of Long Melford, Suffolk, and his personal character is attested by so high an authority as the Rev. C. J. Martyn, rector of that parish, besides other excellent names. We have deemed the case of such importance to the public as to justify us in giving this short account of it in our columns.

Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup is for sale by all chemists and medicine vendors, and by the proprietors, A. J. White, Limited, 35, Farringdon-road, London, E.C., price 2s. 6d. per bottle.

region. But although he was left severely alone from day to day, Tom resolutely sat out his prescribed hours of consultation, though nobody ever came to consult his oracle, or even buy a penn'orth o' plaster. It was weary work, to be sure, waiting—waiting for something or somebody to turn up, who never did and perhaps never would. And how he hated the pretence of being dreadfully busy and hard pressed for time, which nevertheless he felt the necessity of practising, when he hurried out three or four times a day to make the round of the ill-smelling streets of the neighbourhood on an aimless errand which took him home again in the course of an hour. But even that was better than stagnating indoors with nothing to do but smoke, and think, and read a little and grow morose with despair.

Up to the present, Tom Canter's life had been a carelessly happy one, for his disposition was cheerful—you might see that by his face, which was young and open and fresh, set upon a pair of athletic shoulders. Even his hair, of a lightish brown, had a natural crispness and curl which gave him a younger look than his years—five and twenty—warranted. He was a stalwart lad within an inch of six feet, a cheery fellow with brains of his own, of an engaging frankness, but unfortunately for his prospects, neither bald enough nor owlish enough, nor snuffy enough to inspire sufficient confidence among the dwellers of Tibb-street and neighbourhood.

As the weeks went by and the patients failed to put in an appearance, Tom's despair began to get into his face; his cheeks were whiter and thinner, and when he was alone in his little parlour he gave up even attempting to cheat himself into a show of cheerfulness, and would sit moodily smoking and brooding over the dark days ahead. Molly was greatly concerned about the "young masther's ill-looks," and set them down to the foul atmosphere of "them parts," and her indignation on his behalf urged her to give a "pace of her moind," and not a little of her brogue, to certain petty local shopkeepers on the subject of the unsavoriness of the neighbourhood.

It was towards the end of Canter's third week's residence in Tibb-street that old Dr. Grady, to whom he had paid a preliminary £45 of the £150 which was to be the price of his patronage, had taken to his bed and died of apoplexy, leaving a grasping nephew as his residuary legatee, who not only flatly refused to refund the money to the young doctor, but went the length of threatening, in some mysterious way, to bring the law about his ears for attempting to extort money under false pretences. Gossip, of course, got hold of the story, and Grady's nephew, who was a local auctioneer and a pushing man, took good care that Canter's reputation should not pass unspotted. Nor did it, for when, in the course of the following month, Tom thought it professionally expedient to seek admittance to the Reform Club of the Ward, he was politely shown the door by the Committee of Management, among which choice spirits the choicest and most active was Dr. Grady's nephew. I am afraid Tom went home and swore when he heard of the blackballing, but as there was nobody in the surgery, it didn't much matter what he said or how loud he said it.

To be sure, he had patients of a certain class; sometimes he had as many as four on his books at once; but, unfortunately, they were not of the class that pays its way in the world and enables others to do likewise. When they came, they came in rags, with strange and awful diseases concealed among their tattered clothes. If they were in petticoats, they usually whimpered while the boyish medicine-man was gingerly examining their sores, and the prevailing odour about them was gin; if in trousers, they generally shivered even in the warmest weather, and were perpetually wiping their noses on the backs of unclean hands, and their prevailing odour was that of beer. By rights, these were Poor Law cases, and Canter told them so; but they preferred to be doctored for nothing by their own private physician, and the more incurable and objectionable were their diseases, the more persistent were they in their attendance in the cosy little waiting-room in Tibb-street. There was only one person of whom they stood in awe, and that was the doctor's Irish housekeeper. When they came in with dirty feet, if Dr. Canter was out at the time, Molly would harangue them in the most violent manner while they crouched and trembled before her in abject fright, and meekly wiped up their footmarks with their shawls or caps.

Once his cousin made a condescending pilgrimage from the other end of the town to see how young Canter was getting along, and stayed to supper, and ate the greater part of a fowl, and about a yard of sausages, and drank toddy and tea alternately.

"And so you find it slow work digging in your gold-mine, at first, eh? O but you must have patience—patience—"

"—'Wish I *had* more patients," said Tom privily to himself—

"—It takes time to crush the quartz, but you'll find you'll have a rich yield—a rich yield. That I'm sure of."

"And in the meantime," thought Tom bitterly, "the quartz is crushing *me*."

The remainder of his little fortune had been evaporating gradually in the current expenses of the house, in the rates, in the rent, in clothes, and all the other etceteras. One day, towards the close of his seventh month in Tibb-street, he dotted up the items in his day-book and found that his total half-year's income reached the sum of 23s. 6d. He put his hand in his pocket and laid on the table a sovereign, a half-crown, and a shilling, and with these—the earnings of the past seven months—before him, he gave himself up to a serious contemplation of his future prospects. They were black enough. His money was almost all gone; he was saddled with the house which he had taken on a two years' lease, and it was only suitable to be sub-let to a medical man since its alteration. Should he confess himself beaten and throw up the sponge? Or should he struggle on to the end of the year on the chance of striking a vein of luck in this obstinate gold-mine of Tibb-street? Tom was young enough to be a trifle superstitious, and easy going enough to leave his decision in the hands of fate. He looked at his watch. It was five minutes to nine.

"If that surgery door opens before the hour," he said to himself, "I'll stay the year out;" and he had hardly made the resolve when the tiny catch-bell rang, and he heard a man's cough in the outer room. He stopped, on his way, to light the gas in the consulting-room, on the chance that the new-comer might be a patient and not a tax-collector, or a dun, or a sewing-machine agent. In the surgery he found a short square man in grey, sitting far forward on his chair, taking his breath in short asthmatic gasps.

"'Evening, mister," said the man, nodding up affably at Canter. "My name's Sager——W. W. I live in Hoak-street, number 35. I've got a pain in my side here as I should like you to see to." The patient thumped himself under the fifth rib. "It catches me just there."

He thumped himself again heartily. "And it hurts badly when I do that."

"Well, why do you do it, then?" retorted Canter pleasantly. "Come into the next room and I'll examine you."

"It's like as if you was proddin' at me with a fork," continued the short man as he followed Canter. "And it's a deal worse after meals than afore, it is—especially if I eat heartily, and I do do generally."

While Mr. Sager was being examined and auscultated he kept up a running commentary on his symptoms, bringing to bear on them, after the fashion of his class, a great deal of vigorous and original metaphor.

"I suppose you've been under other medical men for these symptoms?" enquired Tom, as his patient was buttoning himself together again.

"O ay," said Mr. Sager, "lots of em, and I've had a deal o' physic in my time, I have."

Mr. Sager's head was big and square; his jaw was large and carried a two-inch fringe of stiff greyish beard; his eyes were small, sharp, and very near neighbours on his face, and they were quick in detecting the flaws and failings in things and people. His manner of sitting on a chair reminded you of a high-shouldered frog, for he sat on its extreme edge with his hands planted on his knees and his elbows bowed outwards. While the doctor was compounding him a bottle of medicine, Mr. Sager stared about him and talked in a confidential way.

"This is a nice little shop as you've got, Mister ——, a very nice little shop. The furnitur' looks newish, and I daresay them chairs would cost you ten shillin' apiece, eh? And your ilecloth seems fresh yet, too, tho' you'll have had it down seven month and more, won't you? Let's see, it were in Feb'uary as you came here, weren't it? And it's September now—that's seven month. Ah, and I remember saying to my Missis when I heard you was coming into Tibb-street, I says, 'I wonder what he'll get to do—there's too many doctors about here already,' I says, and I run 'em over on my fingers—Marsh, Snelgrove, Grady, Smith, Dutton, Jones, and Taddy—that's seven, and you, eight, tho' Grady's dead, to be sure. Well, there's a deal o' sickness here, and a deal o' doctors, too, tho' Marsh and Smith are too old to do much, and Taddy drinks like a helephant, and nob'dy has Snelgrove as I know on. There should be a chance for you yet, Mister, there should. And I hope your ilecloth 'ull be a bit more worn, like, afore winter, I do. It's weary waitin' when nob'dy comes, and the money's goin' bit by bit, isn't it, Mister? Ay, it is. Well, I'll pay you for this here physic now, and I'll come again next week and let you know how I'm gettin' on. Goodnight, Mister." Mr. Sager laid down his half-crown wrapped in a morsel of paper and wheezily withdrew.

Canter laughed bitterly to himself. "I dare be bound that fellow prides himself on doing me a charity to come and let himself be physicked by a poor devil of a surgeon. Bah! If I hadn't passed my word I would throw up the whole bag o' tricks and go to sea to-morrow."

"A BOOK WHICH EVERY YOUNG MAN SHOULD READ."

A Lecture to Young Men on "Purity of Life and the Preservation of Health," by A Graduate. Third Edition. Price One Shilling, or post-free 1s. 1d., from Henry Renshaw, Medical Publisher, 356, Strand, London, W.C. A complete refutation of quackery, and a safe and reliable guide, from the medical standpoint, to all young men. Every youth should read this pamphlet as a guide to the safe conduct of life in a moral and physical sense.

He picked up the coin and untwisted the paper. This is what he read inside:

— To all in Difficulties —

Mr. W. W. Sager,
35, Oak-street,
is prepared to advance Money from £5
to £200,
on Note of Hand, Bills of Sale, or other Approved
Securities,
on the Shortest Notice and in the Strictest Privacy.

Mr. W. S. can attend personally at customers' residences, after dark if preferred.

Tom Canter's temper was of the peppery kind, and his first impulse after reading Mr. Sager's advertisement was to hasten at once to Oak-street and assault that gentleman on his own doorstep for daring to intimate that he had divined the young doctor's financial troubles. Canter's cheeks burned with shame and anger. Perhaps all Tibb-street was cackling about his private affairs, and the *res angusta* of which he was beginning to feel the pinch. He cursed the day of his coming into Tibb-street, and I am afraid he included his distant cousin in the anathema as the cause of his coming.

Before the week was out, however, Canter had begun to test the virtue of necessity. His gas and water bills and a long postponed tailor's account almost emptied his dwindling exchequer, and he found himself taking serious thought for the morrow. He half determined to sell his books and some instruments, but reflected that at the most such a makeshift would prove of very temporary assistance. One day, therefore, he pocketed his pride and went over to call on his cousin, but when that distant relative heard what was the object of Canter's visit he became more distant than ever, and shaking a sanctimonious head, warned Tom that it would break his poor mother's heart if she knew that a son of hers was reduced to borrowing money.

"Good heavens, man!" retorted Tom fiercely, "and don't you think it's breaking mine to have to do it?"

On the following Tuesday Mr. Sager put in his appearance at Tibb-street after dark, with his chronic asthma and an empty bottle. I may as well say at once that Dr. Canter's medicine had gone down the sink, and that Mr. Sager's "pain in his side" was merely a professional subterfuge and had no actual existence whatever. The doctor was not at home, and it might be after midnight before he was — such was Molly's message to Mr. Sager, and she delivered it with commendable effrontery, considering that she had left her master smoking in the parlour a moment ago.

"Tell him as I want him to call at number 35, Hoak-street, to-morrow. My missis is badly, and tell him he can bring some more medicine for me. See, here's the bottle. Now, don't forget."

"All roight," says Molly, frankly, "I'll go and tell him at onst."

Mr. Sager wiped a smile off his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Nay, yo' can wait till he comes back at midnight, sure-lie! If he won't see me now, happen he may be glad to see me some other time. Well, good-night."

It came to pass that Mr. Sager's prophesy was speedily verified. On the last night of the month, after many a previous night of sleepless wretchedness, Tom Canter succumbed to the pressure of circumstances. He put on his great coat and hid himself inside its collar, and about nine o'clock rapped at Mr. Sager's door. It was opened by that gentleman himself, in his shirtsleeves, with a fork in one hand.

"Oh, it's you, doctor. Come in—come in."

Canter stepped into the narrow dark passage which smelled stiflingly of onions, as did Mr. Sager's person also.

"We'll come into the kitchen if you don't mind, doctor. It's more cheerful, like. There's only my missis there, and she's a bit deaf," he added significantly. "I were just gettin' a bit o' supper ready when you came."

The little kitchen was well-lighted and warm, but oppressively redolent of the onions which were frizzling on the bar. A pale, quiet woman was sitting in an arm-chair by the fire, staring patiently at nothing.

"It's th' young doctor fro' Tibb-street," explained Mr. Sager to his wife, raising his voice.

"Ay, indeed," said Mrs. Sager gently, regarding Tom with an invalid's placidity. "See, take a chair, doctor, and sit down, do. I've often heard of you fro' my master here. We're havin' a bit o' supper, you see. My master fends for us both, and does all th' cookin' and washin' and cleanin' hissel'. I've been a bit of an invalid, you see, sin' my last childbed, and that were five years ago come Kesmas."

Although it is difficult to shout in a sympathetic manner, Canter managed to express professional interest and sympathy in Mrs. Sager's case. Mr. Sager, meanwhile, was busy with his fork and his frying-pan over a blazing fire. When at length the onions were ready he turned them out into a dish, and set them on a small table at his wife's side with the proper condiments, and invited her to fall to.

"And now as the missis is fairly a-gate," he said, turning down his sleeves and drawing up chairs at the other side of the fire, "you and me can have a pipe and a chat together, mister. *She* won't hear nothin'—more's the pity."

Tom sickened at the thought of borrowing money from a man in shirtsleeves, who cooked onions and scrubbed his own floors, but having come so far he resolved to go the whole way. He laid his case curtly before the money lender, who smoked in silence, and nodded sometimes and sometimes grunted.

"Sixty-five pound—by the day after to-morrow. H'm. On a bill of sale and a Note. Ah! And what did you say were the first cost o' that there furnitur' in Tibb-street — fifty-two pound? H'm. Say that'll cover thirty-two, second hand. That leaves thirty-three pound for a I O U. Well, I'll happen be able to do it for you, tho' money's a bit scarce now, as I daresay you know, Mister. Sixty-five pounds—by Thursday. I shall want sixteen per cent. interest on the thirty-two as is secured, and let—me—see——" Mr. Sager scratched his head reflectively, and did a short sum with his pipe-stem on his left palm—"I'll want thirty per cent. on the thirty-three as is not secured. Mebbe you think it sounds a bit high, but there's the risk as I must be paid for, and your're only taking it up for a year you say."

"That's all. I hope to be able to pay it off in a year's time."

"H'm!" said Mr. Sager dubiously, "that's what they all say, but none of 'em ever do. Well, you shall have it by Thursday. I'll call up to-morrow and have a look round at the sticks and get the bill o' sale made out."

Accordingly, on the following day, Mr. Sager called at Tibb-street to inspect the furniture, and on the next returned with the money, partly in notes, partly cheque, which he brought out of his pocket wrapped in a red spotted handkerchief.

"And look here, Mister," he said confidentially, when the business was concluded and he was slowly charging his pipe before leaving, "I'm not a hard man to deal with, nor I'm no Jew. I've been a workin' man mysel' and I know what work is, ay, what it is to want it and not get none. You might think it's to my interest as you should break and as I should get hold o' your traps and sell you up, but it isn't—no, it isn't. That there sellin' up 's all bunkum; it don't pay; it gets you the name o' bein' hard and grindin', and it don't pay. It'll suit me better, Mister, for you to get on and pay me off all reg'lar, and that's what I hope you'll do; and look here—" he laid his hand on his client's knee and dropped his voice to an asthmatic whisper—"if you're not above takin' a hint from me, get shut o' that servant o' yours—she freetens folk—blows 'em up for comin' in wi' dirty feet, and that's not the way as patients like to be treated, you know. Get shut of her. And look here, Mister, you put your name up for the Club again, and I'll undertake as you get in this time, and sharp, too. Now, do."

Canter rose to his feet. He was a proud lad, and the man's easy familiarity disgusted him.

"Thank you, Mr. Sager," he replied coldly. "At present, I have no intention of either dismissing my maid or of joining the Reform Club!"

"Oh!" Mr. Sager pulled a wry face privately, and got up to go. "Well, good-night, Mister. I'll be lookin' in again on the 2nd of Jan'ary for the quarter's interest: three—fifteen—six."

Perhaps it was the comfortable sense of having money in the house (borrowed though it was) which procured Tom Canter a good night's rest, for he slept like the proverbial top that night. After breakfast next morning he had an interview with his Irishwoman which materially altered Molly's treatment of patients for the future, whether simple or gentle, and they were mostly the former. Luck, too, seemed to have done its worst against the young doctor, and to be at last in a relenting mood, for before October was out Canter had no fewer than twelve paying patients on his books, and those pauper birds of ill omen came no more. By great good chance, too, one of the curates of the parish fell down in a fit in Tibb-street, and was carried into Canter's surgery, where he revived and stayed to tea and struck up a famous friendship with Tom and recommended him strenuously to his parishioners and introduced him to the Vicar and what not.

But the cause of Tom's ultimate success came from another and an unexpected source. One night in December there was a violent ringing at the bell and a knocking at the door, and on going to his window Canter saw a man in shirtsleeves—bitter though the night was, dragging away at the bell handle.

"What's the matter? Let that bell alone!"

"For God's sake, doctor, come quick! My Missis is took badly! O Lord! Lord! Do come quick—she's dyin'!"

"Is that you, Mr. Sager?"

"Yes—yes. It's me. O do come quick, doctor! She's dyin'!"

"Stop there! I'll be down at once!"

When Tom had huddled on some clothes he opened the door to Mr. Sager. The man was in a pitiable state of excitement, and could hardly command himself sufficiently to be intelligible. His Missis had been down for a week past with diphtheria; Dr. Dutton had been in attendance; she was suddenly worse—she was choking—she was dying, and there was no time to go for Dutton who lived two miles away. Mr. Sager implored Canter to come quickly and save his Missis. This was no

time to let professional etiquette stand in the way, so Tom put a case of tracheotomy instruments in his pocket and set off with the man to Oak-street.

He found the woman suffering from acute diphtheria, and in imminent danger of suffocation. Her only chance of life was instant operation, though the risk to the operator would be great, and any man might have been pardoned for declining to endanger his own life for the sake of the invalid wife of a man who scrubbed floors and lent money to the needy at ruinous interest. But Tom did not hesitate a moment. With the husband's help he dragged the choking woman to the bedside and stuffed a pillow under her neck, letting the head slope back and leaving her throat exposed. Then he whipped out his knife, and while the man, with clenched hands and arteries swollen on his face, turned his back on the sight, Canter made a firm and deep incision longitudinally down the windpipe, wiped away the blood, put his lips to the gaping slit and sucked out the phlegm.

It was almost three o'clock before he returned home. He left his patient breathing freely through the tracheotomy tube which he had fixed in her throat, besides having injected stimulants by the skin. There was some faint hope of recovery, though not much. When he was going away Mr. Sager shook his hand and tried to say something by way of thanks, but emotion and asthma made it inarticulate. Knowing the danger of poisoning by the diphtheric poison to which he had exposed himself, when he got back Tom freely rinsed his mouth and throat with carbolic and warm water, though, if harm was to follow, it would be past remedy at that stage.

And harm did follow. By the end of the week Tom was down with diphtheria, and delirious. His mother was sent for, and brought with her another servant, a Scotch treasure. The curate was indefatigable in his care of his new friend, and although he had two fits in the sick-room, he contrived to enjoy them on the sly, without disturbing the patient's slumbers.

Tom's was a bad case, and it was as much as two doctors could do to drag him out of the jaws of death, which, considering that they were local practitioners and rivals of the sick man, was a very handsome act on their part. But he was cured at last, and went away to the seaside with his mother for his convalescence. After six weeks of idling, and eating, and boating, he returned, almost his old self, to the work-a-day world of Tibb-street, and pulled up the blinds of his long-deserted house. His first visitor called on him that evening. It was Mr. Sager.

"Evening, Mister. I'm glad to see you back again and lookin' well, that I am."

Canter shook the man heartily by the hand.

"I'm sorry your first quarter's interest has remained unpaid so long, Mr. Sager. But illness is rather apt to knock one out of time. However, I've got it ready for you: three—fifteen—six, is it not?"

Tom laid the money on the table, but Mr. Sager pushed it slowly away from him.

"You can give it me when I ask for it, Mister," he said quietly. He took out some papers from his pocket and put them beside the money. "Me and my Missis has been talkin' things over a bit sin' she were able to get about, and we want to—to show you as—as we're not ungrateful to you for—for savin' my Missis's life and riskin' your own." Mr. Sager spoke huskily and breathed hard. "And I've brought them I O U's, and you can put 'em in the fire if you've a mind to—my Missis's life is more to me nor any amount o' money, and you've saved it and a'most lost your own, and you're not in my debt no longer. See, there's a match; burn 'em."

Of course, Tom refused to do anything of the kind; but he was not ashamed to be overcome by the man's generous gratitude.

"Well, if you won't, you won't, Mister. You can pay me off at your own convenience, but I'll be hanged, and so will my Missis too, if I touch a penny of interest. And see here, one way and another, I've a goodish bit of influence among folk about here, as I daresay you know, and I'll promise you this—afore the year's out, you'll have more patients on your books nor all the other doctors put together."

Mr. Sager was as good as his word. He had many clients among the people, and one by one they began to see the advisability of giving Tom Canter a trial; and now the popular doctor of Tibb-street has work for two horses and an assistant.

Warner's Safe Cure. — The following letter was addressed to the Editor of Health:—"239, Lower-road, S.E., Nov. 16th, 1887. Dear Sir,—I am very much obliged to you for your answer to my query regarding 'Warner's Safe Cure,' and I have now pleasure in informing you I followed your advice, and after taking a little more than two bottles, feel as well as ever. If I can give you any further information, I shall be pleased to hear from you either direct or through the columns of Health. Yours truly, F. Archer."

Some of Nature's Medicines.—It is an old and trite saying that Nature possesses her own "healing powers." Perhaps this saying is nowhere better illustrated than in the case of the mineral waters which are so freely furnished to man in certain localities. Messrs. Ingram and Royle, of 52, Farringdon-street, London, E.C., have lately issued a most comprehensive little guide to the Natural Mineral Waters of the World; and we recommend a perusal of this *brochure* to all who are interested in the history and effects of such waters. Messrs. Ingram & Royle, it may be mentioned, are the agents for the sale of the famous Æsculap Water, a beverage of the greatest possible service in relieving intestinal and liver troubles, and in curing corpulency and allied conditions. This mild but efficient aperient water may be taken with safety by the most delicate; and a notable feature of its action is that after being used for some time, it tends to establish the natural action of the digestive tract. A second mineral product of great service in domestic medication is the Natural Karlsbad Sprudel-Salt, which in small doses acts as a diuretic, and in larger doses as an aperient. This salt is prepared from the natural water simply by evaporation. For those who prefer the Karlsbad Water itself, Messrs. Ingram & Royle have imported the famous Bohemian Spring, and can supply any quantity of this famous drink in bottles. Equally important are the Vichy Waters, of the merits of which we are enabled to speak directly from the favourable testimony we have received regarding their action from many correspondents of Health. Here, a wide selection of springs, varying in their mineral constituents, exists, and the fame of Vichy Waters has naturally arisen from the variety of cases for the cure of which they are adapted. In gout especially, the action of Vichy Water is unquestionably marked, and many digestive ailments are cured by the judicious selection of a Vichy Spring. It is a matter of no small benefit that, through the enterprise of Messrs. Ingram & Royle, we have the best of the Continental Springs literally brought to our own doors.

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WINTER COLDS.

In the London fogs lately upon us those with weak bodies or tender throats and lungs experienced a physical strain. In these fogs the air is more or less vitiated and heavy with dust, smoke, and other matter. Consequently, the blood is less easily and thoroughly oxygenated, more work is imposed upon the lungs, the entire respiratory tract is irritated, and the old, the weak, and asthmatic especially suffer. Undoubtedly, a grand preventive against all disease is good health, and it is a fact worth consideration that the longer any ailment lasts the more troublesome it is to cure. It is probably not too much to say that very many cases of catarrh and chronic bronchitis were at the first somewhat trivial and lightly regarded. The conditions attendant upon town-life are such that everyone should know their evils — what to guard against, and how to parry off slight ailments. Chief among the consequences of this fall or wintry weather stand winter colds, which, of course, include much.

First, there is the slight cold in the head, with sneezing, a profuse secretion from the nose, bloodshot eyes, and a sense of dulness and malaise. A little belladonna and aconite will break this up, and so will a five-grain Dover's Powder Tabloid, though this is apt to "bind" the bowels.

Then there are the multiform acute affections of the throat, as quinsy, pharyngitis, ulcerated and diphtheric sore throat, all of which are generally benefited at first by a laxative, though in diphtheria it should be a very gentle one. Tonsillitis is often changed at once by five grains of calomel, followed the next morning by a little Friedrichshall Water. In all these diseases an old-time remedy is chlorate of potash, and it has puzzled physicians a good deal to find out the exact mode of its operation. It may be that it sets free an oxidizing agent; but, however that may be, one thing seems morally certain, which is, that in affections of the mucous membrane of the mouth and throat chlorate of potash is invaluable. It is used by the most eminent laryngologists, and all the best medical works on therapeutics speak of it in the highest praise. Formerly, it was the custom to dissolve the crystals in a little water, and use as a gargle. This plan is now obsolete, and the pure drug is taken, in the form of a compressed tabloid, into the mouth, and allowed to dissolve there. By this means the mucous membrane is more effectually medicated. The Tabloids contain the pure drug only, and are *facile princeps*.

Another drug in favour with the profession for the throat is borax, which is a soda salt, and most soothing and antiseptic. Probably, a happier combination it would be difficult to find than the Tabloids of Potash and Borax. They may be used with absolute confidence and safety in all the acute congestive and catarrhal affections of the throat, and their use seems, in many cases, to inure the throat to trying atmospheric conditions. Those speakers whose throats are always a little red and inflamed will find potash and borax a capital *vade mecum*.

Passing to the "music-box" or larynx, and considering the work imposed upon the delicate vocal chords therein, the wonder is that they are not oftener affected than they are. The spasmodic troubles of childhood, impeding the breathing and waking the youngling up, are seldom dangerous if the infant has been observed to sneeze, and an emetic and warm external applications to the throat will usually allay the trouble. When with these symptoms there is fever, no time should be lost in consulting the doctor. True croup and diphtheria often begin insidiously.

Clergyman's sore throat is a persistent and very annoying affliction, but the agent to cure it is ammonium chloride, which should be employed in tabloids—the same as chlorate of potash. Actors and singers should resort to this when the potash fails to do good.

Chronic catarrh of the nose (nares) pharynx or larynx, will be best influenced by the vapour of ammonium chloride, which has the property of clearing the meshes of inflamed mucous membrane of inflammatory deposits. Wherever, with the other symptoms, the throat is painful, the Voice Tabloids containing cocaine are *apropos*.

Under the head of "Winter Colds" must be mentioned "Winter Cough," coming on with the approach of Fall, and annoying with profuse purulent expectoration. Those burdened with this racking cough can hardly do better than try Pure Terebene (Burroughs), which Dr. Murrell found beneficial in 120 cases of this affection.

Lastly, it may be said that whenever with a cold there is loss of weight, the affection must not be regarded lightly. Regular habits, out-of-door exercise, plenty of sleep and good food and clothing are the chiefest remedies, conjoined perhaps with cod liver oil.

Thus cursorily reviewing "First Principles," we hope our Christmas readers are free from "Winter Colds," and that if perchance any are not, they may find some noteworthy "wrinkle" here, or as the great poet puts it—

"Two grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff."

A Christmas Beverage.—Among the many beverages which appeal for public favour at the "festive season," we are certain few can equal Bokö̈l, for purity, for safety, and for general nutritive excellence. We have so frequently referred to Bokö̈l as a malt beverage of high excellence, that further comment is needless. It may only be urged in the present instance that those who desire a healthful stimulant, which, in addition to its effects on digestion, and to its heat-producing powers, is practically non-intoxicating, cannot do better than give Bokö̈l a trial. The business announcement of Messrs. Davis, Bergendahl & Co., the importers of Bokö̈l, will be found in our pages.

Symington's Coffee Essence.—Since our last notice of Messrs. Symington's Coffee Essence and allied preparations, we have received additional testimony to the excellence of those high-class manufactures. One correspondent suggests that we should emphasize the utility of Messrs. Symington's Coffee and Cocoa Essences for preparing a cup of either beverage handily and quickly in the dark chill mornings of winter. Another correspondent says that the flavour of the Coffee Essence recommended in Health is exactly that of the beverage as prepared from the beans, and that there is experienced none of the burnt taste usually associated with such preparations. This spontaneous testimony is a gratifying proof of the high quality of Messrs. Symington's preparations, which fully warrant the many awards of merit with which at Food and other Exhibitions they have been favoured.

Seven-year-old Johnny is fond of long words. He heard his mother telling of a man swallowing his false teeth in his sleep. "Did he have to take an epidemic?" he anxiously inquired. He asked his mother the other day if you could tell just what second a person died. His mother thought not. "Then why does it say in the paper, 'Died on the 22nd inst.'?"

CHRISTMAS FARE.

By Mrs. Thwaites, *Lecturer on Cookery.*

How suggestive to most people this expression is. Coming as Christmas does in the depth of the darkest and most gloomy period of the year, it would be too much to expect human nature to pass it by without some special festivity. Seeing the friendly spirit which presides at the social gatherings of the season, a little indulgence may be allowed. Yet there are thousands of people to whom "Christmas fare" is an impossibility. I do not allude to those whose means will not allow it, but to those whom, living alone, the Christmas sirloin, goose, or turkey—to say nothing of plum-pudding and mince-pies—would be an utter impossibility.

Another class to be considered is that of invalids and convalescents. To these some small dainty will often give pleasure, and yet it is seldom that actual Christmas fare can be allowed. Some of the recipes given are cheap, some specially fitted for invalids; others, again, may be prepared on even so small a scale as to suit a bachelor or household of very limited extent.

Rolled Steak.—Take a piece of steak weighing ¾ lb. to 1 lb., half an inch thick, use a steak-beater liberally, season lightly with salt and pepper, roll it up and secure with tape, melt in a pan 2 oz. butter; when hot put in the steak, cover close, keep over a very gentle heat for 1 hour, turning so that it is browned all round. Take up and mix 1 teaspoonful of Grant's Oat Flour with half a teacupful cold water; pour into the pan, boil up, add salt, pepper, and a little ketchup; pour round meat. A pigeon or other small bird may be cooked the same way.

Stewed Steak.—1 lb. steak, lean, and 1 inch thick; slice a Spanish onion into rings; melt 1½ oz. butter in a pan, and put in the onion, the steak over, and then another sliced onion, a teaspoonful of salt, ¼ teaspoonful of pepper, and 2 tablespoonfuls vinegar; *cover close*, set over a very low heat for 3 hours.

Invalids' Soup.—Take 4 mutton shanks, wash them, chop the bones, put them into a pan with 3 pints cold water, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 4 peppercorns, a small bit of onion, and a sprig of parsley, 1 lb. of lean gravy beef cut exceedingly small; bring slowly up to boiling, remove the scum, and boil slowly 3 hours; strain when cold, remove every trace of grease, and give thickened or not, at pleasure. Put a breakfastcupful to boil, mix 1 teaspoonful of Marshall's Tritola with a little cold water, pour into the pan, boil for 2 minutes. The yolk of an egg may be beaten into this, or put 1 teaspoonful of Scott's or Grant's Oat Flour into a cup, a small pinch of very finely powdered thyme, a little salt and pepper, mix with cold water, and add a breakfastcupful of boiling stock; boil 2 minutes.

Tritola Fingers.—Mix ½ lb. Marshall's "Tritola" with ½ lb. flour, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, a small teaspoonful salt, ¼ teaspoonful powdered cinnamon, and 3 oz. sugar. Dissolve 3 oz. butter, pour it in, add 1 egg and as much milk as will make a nice paste; knead it lightly, roll out, cut into strips, put on a floured baking-sheet, and set into a quick oven for about five minutes.

Plum Pudding.—Mix ¼ lb. crumbs, 2 oz. flour, 6 oz. Valencia raisins stoned and cut, 4 oz. currants cleaned, 4 oz. sultanas, 2 oz. chopped apple; pass the last four ingredients through a mincing machine; 2 oz. candied peel, cut small; 2 oz. ground almonds, 6 oz. brown sugar, rind of ½ lemon grated, 4 eggs, 3 to 4 tablespoonfuls of whiskey or brandy. Mix well. Butter and sugar a mould; put in the mixture; cover with a buttered paper; set into boiling water (let the water come up two-thirds); boil for two hours. Serve with Tritola sauce. Boil ½ pt. milk; add 1½ teaspoonful Tritola; boil; beat 2 yolks in a basin, with a tablespoonful of sugar, pinch of salt; put in ½ oz. butter; stir in the hot sauce; beat well; add wine, or spirit, to flavour.

Gingerbread.—Mix ¾ lb. flour, pinch of salt, and 1 small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; rub in ¼ lb. butter, or lard; add 2 teaspoonfuls of ground ginger, the grated rind of a lemon; make a hollow in the middle, and pour in ¼ lb. treacle. Have 1 egg mixed with ¼ pt. milk; pour over, and mix quickly with the rest to a soft paste; more milk if necessary. Put into a shallow tin, oiled and lined with oiled paper; bake, in a moderate oven, ¾ hour.

Indian Biscuits.—2 oz. butter, 2 oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 2 oz. flour, 2 oz. white Indian meal, 1 tablespoonful of milk. Beat the butter and sugar together; add the egg, and beat again; put in the rest, and beat again. Butter a baking-sheet; put the mixture in heaps (a small teaspoonful) some distance from each other; bake, in a fairly hot oven, about 5 minutes.

Cumberland Cake.—Beat 5 oz. butter and 5 oz. castor sugar together to a cream, the yolks of 4 eggs. Beat the whites to a stiff froth; 5 oz. flour, 1 oz. Marshall's Tritola. Stir part of these last two ingredients in with the yolks, the rest with the whites. Have ready to put in, just at the last, 5 oz. stoned and cut Valencia raisins, and 2 oz. citron peel cut very small. Put the mixture into a mould, oiled and lined neatly with oiled paper. Bake, in a moderate oven, 1½ hours; or divide into two cakes, and bake ¾ to 1 hour.

Oyster Cake.—Butter a shallow, fireproof dish; put a layer of crumbs on the bottom; lay the oysters over; sprinkle a very little pepper over each; cover with crumbs. Beat 1 egg with the liquor from the oysters, ¼ pt. milk or cream, and a little salt and pepper. Pour this over the crumbs; put some small bits of butter over, and bake 10 to 15 minutes.

Sweet Jelly.—1¼ oz. of Nelson's gelatine, 6 to 8 oz. lump sugar, rind (cut off as thin as possible) of 2 and juice of 3 lemons, 6 cloves, 1 in. cinnamon stick, ¼ pt. sherry. Soak the gelatine a few hours in 1¼ pts. cold water; turn into a saucepan, and add all the rest of the above ingredients. Mix the whites and shells of 3 eggs with ½ pt. cold water, put into the pan with the rest, set over a slow heat, and whisk gently till it quite boils up; turn out the gas; leave to stand for 5 to 10 minutes. The crust formed by the scum will begin to crack. Strain through a calico jelly-bag wrung out of water as hot as the hands can bear. The jelly that first runs through the bag is put back; this will generally be sufficient. Add brandy to taste about ¼ pt. If desired, more lemon and some orange juice may be used instead of the wine and brandy.

Almond Soup.—1 qt. white stock; add white part of small head of celery, small onion, 1 bay leaf, tiny bit of mace and 6 white peppercorns, ¼ lb. sweet almonds blanched and coarsely pounded; cover the pan close, and simmer slowly 1 hour. Pour over a hair sieve; press the almonds well with wooden spoon to extract flavour. Put into the pan 1½ oz. butter, 2 oz. flour. Mix. Add ½ pt. milk and the strained soup; stir till it boils. Add salt to taste and ¼ pt. cream. Fresh cocoanut grated may be substituted for almonds.

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AN INVESTIGATION OF DREAMS.

The American Society for Psychical Research is collecting accounts of cases where one person has had some remarkable experience, such as an exceptionally vivid and disturbing dream, or a strong waking impression amounting to a distinct hallucination, concerning another person at a distance, who was, at the time, passing through some crisis, such as death, or illness, or some other calamity. It appears that coincidences of this sort have occurred, but it may be alleged that they are due to mere *chance*. For the determination of this, it is desirable to ascertain the proportion between (*a*) the number of persons in the community who have not had any such experiences at all; (*b*) the number of persons who have had such experiences coinciding with real events; (*c*) the number of persons who have had experiences which, though similar to the foregoing in other respects, did *not* coincide with real events.

The society has therefore issued a circular requesting every one who receives it in the course of the next six months to repeat the questions given below, *verbatim*, to as many trustworthy persons as possible, from whom he does not know which answer to expect, and who have not already been interrogated by some one else, and communicate the results. The questions are so framed as to require no answer but "yes" or "no." Special attention is drawn to the fact that the object of the inquiry would be defeated if replies were received only from persons who have had remarkable experiences of the kind referred to (whether coincident with real events or not); and there should be no selection whatever of persons who have had such experiences. In case of negative answers only, it will be sufficient if the collector will send (not for publication) his own name and address, with the replies which he has received.

If there are any affirmative answers, the society desire to receive also (not for publication) the name and address of any person who answers "yes." If the experience has been coincident with a real event, they specially request the percipient to send an account of it.

All communications should be sent to the Secretary, Richard Hodgson, 5, Boylston-place, Boston, Mass., from whom additional copies of the circular may be obtained. It is of the utmost importance to obtain answers from a very large number of persons, and it is hoped that may thousands of replies will be received. The questions are as follows:—

I. Have you, within the past year, when in good health, had a dream of the death of some person known to you (about whom you were not anxious at the time), which dream you marked as an exceptionally vivid one, and of which the distressing impression lasted for at least as long as an hour after you rose in the morning?

II. Have you, within the past three years but not within the past year, when in good health, had a dream of the death of some person known to you (about whom you were not anxious at the time), which dream you marked as an exceptionally vivid one, and of which the distressing impression lasted for at least as long as an hour after you rose in the morning?

III. Have you, within the past twelve years but not within the past three years, when in good health, had a dream of the death of some person known to you (about whom you were not anxious at the time), which dream you marked as an exceptionally vivid one, and of which the distressing impression lasted for at least as long as an hour after you rose in the morning?

IV. Have you, at any time during your life but not within the past twelve years, when in good health, had a dream of the death of some person known to you (about whom you were not anxious at the time), which dream you marked as an exceptionally vivid one, and of which the distressing impression lasted for at least an hour after you rose in the morning?

V. Have you, within the past year, when in good health, and completely awake, had a distinct impression of seeing or being touched by a human being, or of hearing a voice or sound which suggested a human presence when no one was there?

VI. Have you, within the past three years but not within the past year, when in good health, and completely awake, had a distinct impression of seeing or being touched by a human being, or of hearing a voice or sound which suggested a human presence, when no one was there?

VII. Have you, within the past twelve years but not within the past three years, when in good health, and completely awake, had a distinct impression of seeing or being touched by a human being, or of hearing a voice or sound which suggested a human presence, when no one was there?

VIII. Have you, at any time during your life but not within the past twelve years, when in good health, and completely awake, had a distinct impression of seeing or being touched by a human being, or of hearing a voice or sound which suggested a human presence, when no one was there?—*Science.*

Allcock's Porous Plasters.—Now that winter with its chills and colds is fairly upon us, it may be useful to point out that a simple yet effective form of medication, adapted for the cure of rheumatic pains, "stitch in the side," lumbago, and allied troubles, is found in the shape of "Allcock's Porous Plasters." These plasters cure by affording support and warmth to affected parts, by favouring rest—itself a powerful remedy—and by soothing the skin and subjacent tissues by their medicated surface. These forms of treatment are all fully recognized by the medical profession; and it is gratifying to note that in Alcock's Porous Plasters, we possess a simple yet effective means of practically carrying out these principles of cure.

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A New Disinfectant from Coal Oil.—We read that a new disinfectant of great energy has been introduced in Paris. It is a brown liquid of syrupy consistence. Water is turned milky by a small addition, and the odour imparted is not disagreeable. An examination of the product justifies the supposition that it is a peculiar saponification of coal oil by caustic soda. It is especially adapted for disinfecting localities where epidemics rage. It cures skin diseases in animals, and gives lustre to the hair. It destroys moss and fungus on trees and plants. By sponging a horse with a solution (100 grammes in 10 litres of water), flies are kept off.

ELECTRICAL FISHES.

A lecture on "Electrical Fishes" was delivered some time ago at the Royal Institution by Dr. Burdon Sanderson, who has had the opportunity of studying the physiology of the "torpedo" fish during a recent visit to the shores of the Bay of Biscay. With a view of making his subject more interesting, the lecturer not only gave the results of his research, but also compared the physiological structure of the torpedo (*Torpedo vulgaris*) with those of *Malapterurus electricus* and *Gymnotus electricus*, while the Zoological Society had placed a fine living specimen of the latter fish at his disposal during the evening. It was with a fish of the latter type that Faraday experimented, and found that the strongest shocks were obtained by touching the fish simultaneously at the head and tail, while scarcely any effect was observed on touching each side at the same distance from the extremities. He calculated that at each medium discharge the animal emitted as great a force as the highest charge of a Leyden battery of fifteen jars exposing 3,500 square inches of coated surface.

The gymnotus, or electrical eel, is common in the tributaries of the Orinoco, and is generally captured by causing the fish to expend their shocks upon horses driven into the stream, until exhausted, when they become an easy prey. The electrical organs form more than half the body, and consist of four batteries, two on each side, one above the other, the uppermost or dorsal being the larger. These batteries consist of a series of parallel piles placed horizontally in a direction from head to tail, each layer consisting of protoplasm upon the upper and nerve upon the lower surface, and these are again subdivided by transverse sections.

In the malapterurus, a genus of fishes of the family *Siluridæ*, the whole animal is clad in a tegument of dense tissue, which in this case constitutes the electric organ, and is connected with the nervous system by one large nerve. It is remarkable that the natives on the Congo use the same word for the name of both this fish and the telegraph. The torpedo, which is allied to the skate, and varieties of which are found in the Mediterranean, Atlantic, and Indian seas, differs from both of the former in possessing a special brain, or rather a special lobe of the brain, termed the "electrical lobe," which is situated behind the cerebellum, and has control over the electric organs of this fish. These organs are divided by means of a number of vertical columns, about five hundred in an ordinary specimen of the torpedo, although in the case of one caught off the coast of the United States, five feet in length and twelve stone in weight, one thousand of these columns were observed. The divisions between the columns are again subdivided into compartments presenting a honeycomb appearance, and to each of these compartments five nerves are attached, so that in a medium-sized fish some twelve thousand nerves are employed in the electric organs.

Dr. Sanderson gave a very elaborate description of the arrangement of the nervous system in the torpedo, showing how the large nerves pass along the vertical columns, sending out branches to each of the cells on either side, the nerve invariably passing along the lower side of the cell wall. Throughout the lecture Dr. Sanderson illustrated his remarks by photographed sections of the parts under discussion thrown upon a screen, but at this stage some very fine microscopical slides were projected, the results of the lecturer's recent work. These slides not only illustrated the general arrangement of the nerves, but, descending into further detail, showed that the principal nerves were sheathed, while the smaller ramifications were not, and at the end of the nerve there was no complex structure observable, but a simple termination.

Having thus brought before his audience the least technical of his observations, Dr. Sanderson proceeded to discuss the origin and use of the electric organs in fishes. In most cases the initial development of the electric organs is similar to the development of muscle, but in the malapterurus it is not the muscular system which is transformed, but the skin, glands, and other parts connected with the skin.

The lecturer raised the question as to why fishes had been provided with such a weapon of attack or defence. In the case of the torpedo, has the torpedo degenerated into the skate through not making use of its electrical organs, or is the skate the original form of the torpedo? Both hypotheses seem unstable, as it hardly seems probable that a fish would cease to make use of such a useful adjunct as electricity in procuring food, or that it should by any circumstances develop an organ of which there is no sign in the original, although some naturalists assert that in the tail of the skate there is a development which may allow of such a possibility. Dr. Sanderson, however, thinks it quite as probable that the electric organ should be formed from the muscular system as the muscle formed from the electric organ, and prefers to consider that they both have their origin in a simpler element. If such be the case, by what steps have these organs progressed in their development from the original matter? The lecturer expressed an opinion that most probably an answer would be found to this question in an exhaustive microscopic examination of the nerve. Looking at it from the physiological side, the only difference between the muscles and the electric organs is that one is supplied with motor nerves, the other with electromotor nerves.

Another remarkable fact recently observed by Dr. Sanderson, to which he drew attention, is that two kinds of shocks are experienced in experimenting with electrical fish. Thus, when a fish is suddenly touched or attacked, a sharp explosive shock is felt, but the more normal effect is a prolonged series of smaller shocks of inferior intensity. The lecturer made this point very apparent to his audience by touching the specimen of gymnotus present simultaneously at the head and tail with two wires connected with an electro-magnet, when the shocks delivered were made perceptible by the movement of a paper lever, the shadow of which was thrown upon the screen. The chairman was even more favourably situated, as he was enabled, by means of a telephone, to hear the distinct shocks produced.

Dr. Sanderson also gave the results of a series of experiments conducted with regard to the measurement of the period of time elapsing between the "exhortation" of the fish and the delivery of its shock, and also concerning the duration of the shock. He found that after a sudden attack, one-hundredth of a second elapsed before the primary single response to the exhortation was obtained, the discharge reached its maximum power one five-hundredth of a minute after its commencement, and had a duration of about one-fourth of a second. On continued irritation, a number of smaller shocks were received, recurring at intervals of about one-fiftieth of a second.

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ATTITUDE IN WRITING AND HEALTH.

WHEN preparing a recent essay on "Attitude and Health," Mr. Wild, B.A., consulted several medical authorities. I wrote, he says, to Mr. Adams, a leading authority on questions of spinal curvature; to Dr. Warner, who has given special attention to school hygiene; and to Mr. Collins, the surgeon to the Royal London Ophthmalmic Hospital. I was glad to gather from their replies that no facts have as yet been brought forward to show that many spines have been distorted through unwise positions in schools. There probably are such cases, but they cannot be very numerous, else they would have been noticed. But they agree in condemning a bent or crooked position of the spine. Mr. Adams says the position which pupils habitually assume whilst writing is undoubtedly bad, as they incline the body to one side, and rest the left elbow and forearm on the desk.

This essentially involves a twisted position of the spine, and when the weight of the head and other extremities is thrown upon a twisted or rotated spine, this deviation will, in many cases become permanent, and constitute a curvature. For the sake, therefore, of the spine itself, and for the free movements of the chest, we ought to insist on boys sitting with straight backs. The only case in which a difficulty arises is in writing. The regulation attitude, half turn to the right, left forearm parallel to the edge of the desk, to steady the copy-book, does not necessarily involve a crooked back. If the seat be wide enough to allow the loins full room to share in the half turn of the rest of the body, if the desk be at such a height and slope that the left forearm just rests on it, a perfect position may be maintained. But if either of these conditions be wanting, or if the scholar lean on his forearm, or suffer the left elbow to take a journey of exploration up the desk a bad attitude is inevitable. In writing it is necessary for the eye to follow the point of the pen or pencil in connection with what has been written. This can be done by adopting the regulation attitude.

If we insist on the children assuming a straightforward attitude, with the paper in front of them; that paper is to be placed with its edge parallel to the edge of the desk; the child must write backhand—a proposition so revolutionary that it seems hardly safe to utter it. We can avoid this alternative by placing the paper at an angle to the edge of the desk. To this latter course it is objected that business writing is, as a rule, done in books which must be kept parallel to the edge of the desk. Of these three possible attitudes most will probably choose the half turn or regulation attitude. I think that much harm can be done by it, if its special dangers be not specially guarded against. We have hitherto spoken only of the spine, but the eye is the organ in greatest peril in the school. There seems to be reason to believe that short sight, the defect chiefly to be guarded against, has greatly increased with our progress in educational matters.

The statistics of the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital show an increase in cases of short sight far beyond that of other defects. The eye is indeed a marvel of adaptation. It clearly images for us the stars of heaven, the distant mountains, or the flower we hold in our hands. But there are limits to its power of adaptation. If you place your finger close in front of your eye, it appears all blurred. You have to move it some distance from your eye before you can see it clearly. The human eye can see objects clearly, as a rule, at the distance of nine inches: within that distance they are indistinct. By special effort things can be seen closer, but that effort is injurious in many ways to the eye; and an eye which, by special training or natural defect, sees objects at a shorter distance than nine inches is unable clearly to see objects beyond a certain distance. Now the child's eye is easily moulded. It can, to its own hurt, adapt itself to very short distances. I have seen boys writing with their eyes six, five, four inches, or even less from the slate. Not that these children were short-sighted, for they could write with their work much farther off, but various reasons made them subject their eyes to these injurious strains. A few years of such misuse would irreparably damage the eyes.

All authorities agree that a foot is a safe distance at which to require a child to keep its work; and less than nine inches should not be permitted. Should a pupil be short-sighted, he should be encouraged to keep his work as far off as possible, and be made to raise the work to the eyes, not lower the head to the work, which latter is most injurious. Of course such learners should be placed in the best light. If we adopt the half turn or regulation attitude, great watchfulness is necessary. Unless carefully looked after, the left forearm slips up the desk away from the boy, and as the elbow slides up the desk, the child's body slopes down. Probably he will not be allowed to rest his head on his elbow, but his nose gets perilously near the paper. A whole class will often be seen with almost all eyes within the prohibited distance. To make matters worse, there is a kind of tradition afloat that if a child's arm be placed round the slate or book it will prevent copying. There is great reason to doubt its efficacy for this end; there is no reason to doubt that it is the worst attitude for spine and eyes, and those who adopt it should consider well the responsibility they incur.

A REMEDY for burns, proposed by M. Dubois (*Jour de Med. de Nantes*), consists in allowing the contents of a siphon of seltzer water to flow slowly over the affected parts. It quiets the pain almost instantly, and the writer believes it hastens the final cure. He ascribes the good effects to the carbonic acid gas, and to the local lowering of the temperature.

IVY POISONING.—A writer gives the treatment which he has often found serviceable in his own case when poisoned with ivy:—"I have always been extremely susceptible to the poison of ivy and oak, so as to give me great annoyance, unless it is immediately checked on its first appearance. This common washing soda accomplishes for me, if properly applied. I make the application by saturating a slice of loaf bread with water, then cover one surface with soda and apply to the eruption, the soda next the flesh. When the bread is dried by the animal heat, I drop water on the outer side, so as to keep it thoroughly moistened, and dissolve the soda crystals in contact with the skin. This, you will perceive, is merely a bread poultice, the bread being a vehicle through whose moisture the soda reaches the humour. I find that washing or bathing with soda water, even continuously, will not suffice with me. My skin requires the heat and moisture of the bread in order for the soda to act on and neutralize the poison. I rarely have need to retain this soda poultice for more than thirty minutes to any affected part. No pain ensues. Formerly I suffered often for weeks, as the poison would spread all over my body. Now thirty minutes measures the duration of its exhibition."

MEDICAL AND OTHER HUMOURS.

The following is a proclamation made at the Market Cross of Inverary, Scotland, less than a hundred years ago: "Ta hoy! te tither a-hoy! Ta hoy three times!!! an' to hoy—Whist!!! By command of his Majesty, King George, an' Her Grace te Duke o' Argyll: If anybody is found fishing aboon te loch, or below te loch, afore te loch, or ahint te loch, in te loch, or on te loch, aroun' te loch, or about te loch, she's to be persecutit wi three persecutions; first she's to be burnt, syne she's to be drownt, an' then she's to be hangt—an' if ever she comes back she's to be persecutit wi' a far waur death. God save te King an' Her Grace te Duke o' Argyll."

* * *

An Important Invention.—A farmer sent a dollar for a lightning potato-bug killer, which he saw advertised in a paper, and received by return mail two blocks of wood, with directions printed on them as follows: "Take this block, which is No. 1, in the right hand; place the bug on No. 2, and press them together. Remove the bug and proceed as before."

* * *

A little "fresh-air child," at Elkland, who had never seen a cow before, was watching the milking process with eyes full of astonishment. After looking on in silence for some time she drew near, and placing her hand against the cow's distended side, exclaimed: "Why, she's chock full of it, ain't she?"

* * *

"How would you pronounce this word, Doctor—C-a-s-t-o-r-i-a?" said a man to his medical adviser. "Why," said the doctor, "I should pronounce it castôria, with the accent on the o." "That's strange," said his interlocutor; "I saw it stated in one of the papers that the *best* physicians pronounced it *harmless*."

* * *

Minister (at the baptismal font, to father).—Name, please? Father (with impediment in his speech).—Jo—Jo—Josephine Smith. Minister (unaware of the impediment).—Joe Joe Josephine Smith, I baptize thee, &c. (consternation of the family).

* * *

A Parisian doctor prescribed for a lady who had objections against growing stout: "Take exercise, my dear lady. Consider the trees of the field; they never take exercise, and as a consequence they go on growing bigger and bigger every year."

* * *

Young husband: "Isn't there something peculiar about the taste of these onions, my dear?" Young wife (anxiously): "Oh, I hope not, dear. I took such pains with them; I even sprinkled them with jockey club before I put them to boil to take away the unpleasant odour."

* * *

The editor of the *Buffalo Medical Journal* says that within a month he stood by the death-bed of a man to whom a druggist had sold a dozen half-grain morphine pills. Because they looked small he swallowed six at a dose. He rests with his fathers, and his widow takes in plain sewing.

* * *

"Give me a lozenge," said a tall specimen of the country cousin variety to the girl he had brought with him to the theatre. He leaned over and selected one from the box with the grace of a Chesterfield, and opening the cavity in his head lodged the aforesaid lozenge between the upper and lower jaws. For several moments he chewed it with the avidity of one who had something in his mouth that was not only mysterious in its manufacture, but somewhat difficult to masticate. His girl, observing the happy effort of her companion, and the evident pleasure he was enjoying, concluded to try a lozenge herself. She placed two of them in her mouth and commenced a vigorous attack upon them. Throughout the entire performance they laboured industriously to get at the inside of the lozenges, but they would neither dissolve nor admit of dissolution. They became tasteless and otherwise unpalatable, and becoming disgusted with the purchase, the young man threw the contents on the floor. P.S.—They had been chewing "corn plasters!"

* * *

A contemporary argues that because the plural of goose is geese, the plural of moose should be meece. Now, because two natives of Portugal are called Portuguese, would he call a single specimen Portugoose.

* * *

Scotch Mixture.—"Man, Peter," said a Scotch quack doctor to his apprentice, "ye maun aye be awfu' cautious in pharmacy. Even I ance made a terrible mistak'. I was attending Mrs. Kittlebody, wha was sair fashed wi' tickdolaroo, an' I was called upon by John M'Fikeit, wha's croon was sae thin o' hair—as weel as sense—that he was ashamed o't, especially as he was coortin' a strappin' young widow that had a fine public-hoose; an' I mixed up baith potions at the same time, an' losh sake, man, I happened tae gie them ilk ither's medicine! So puir John, rubbing Mrs. Kittlebody's preparation for her tickdolaroo on the tap o' his head, declares he's had a bee in his bonnet ever since; an' Mrs. Kittlebody, rubbin' her jaws wi' the ointment intended for John's bald pow, in less than a fortnicht had a pair o' whiskers the envy o' a' the young men o' the village."

* * *

"Good-morning, children," said a physician, as he met three or four children on their way to school. "How do you do this mornning?" "We daren't tell you," replied the eldest of the crowd, a boy of eight. "Dare not tell me!" exclaimed the doctor: "and why not?" "'Cause papa says that it cost him fifty dollars last year to have you come in and ask how we were."

* * *

The latest anecdote about the old lady who thinks she knows everything is about how she went to a church sociable, and as she entered the church the young ladies said: "Good evening, auntie, we are glad you came; we are going to have a tableaux this evening." "Yes, I know, I know," was the reply. "I smelt 'em when I first came in."

* * *

It was Freddy's first experience with soda-water. Drinking his glass with perhaps undue eagerness he was aware of a tingling sensation in his nostrils. "How do you like it?" inquired his mother, who had stood treat. Freddy thought a moment, wrinkling his nose as he did so, and then observed: "It tastes like your foots was asleep."

KEEP PEGGING AWAY!

There's a maxim that's true,
And I'll tell it to you,
All pensive young fellows,
Who sometimes get blue:
When the clouds gather fast
Till they darken the day,
Pray don't get discouraged,
Keep pegging away!

There is sunshine above,
Though it sometimes looks black;
There's an ocean of blue sky
Above the cloud rack;
Through the showers of springtime
Comes forth smiling May:
So don't get discouraged,
Keep pegging away!

It was care killed a cat,
In the days that are flown,
And he's blind as a bat
Who sits down to bemoan.
Be blithe and be cheerful,
Light-hearted and gay,
And don't get discouraged,
Keep pegging away!

And if in this process
You chance to peg out,
Why, meet your fate bravely,
With heart good and stout.
And when all is ended,
The angels will say:
You did your work nobly,
Kept pegging away.

* * *

ON A PHYSICIAN.

His stethoscope rusting,
He'll listen no more
To symptoms, attesting
Disease at the core;
His practising's ended,
His journeying's past,
His recipe's blended
With skill to the last;
He cured others' ills
'Till, losing his breath,
He swallowed the pills
Prescribed him by death.

* * *

SICK HUSBAND: Did the doctor say that I was to take all that medicine?" Wife: "Yes, dear." Sick Husband: "Whew, there is enough in that bottle to kill a mule." Wife (anxiously): "Then you had better be careful, John."

* * *

AN advertisement reads: "Wanted, a young man to be partly out of doors and partly behind the counter," and Colonel Mooney has written to ask: "What will be the result when the door slams?"

* * *

FRESH FROM THE DAIRY.—Grocer: "I don't have to crack up that butter, Uncle Rastus, it sells itself." Uncle Rastus (tasting it): "Yes, sah, dat butter oughter sell itself, tie up itself, d'liver itself, eat itself, an' still have strength nuff lef' ter diges' itself. Wot yo' cha'gin' fo' axle grease dis mawnin', Mister Scales?"

* * *

THE ancient proverb says: "You cannot get more out of a bottle than you put in it." That's an error. Besides what he put in, he can get a headache, a sick stomach, and perhaps ten days in the lock-up.

VERY CONSIDERATE INDEED.—Here is a good Irish story—we fancy it has not been heard before: A pair of "victims" are waiting behind a hedge for their landlord—guns loaded, cocked and ready for action. It is past the time at which he was expected to go by. Still they wait, and wait, until at last they become uneasy. "Bedad, Pat," says Tim, "I hope nothin' has happened to the poor ould gintleman?"

* * *

SUGGESTIVE.—A pharmaceutical chemist prints his address on his prescription envelopes, "near the cemetery gates."

* * *

WASHINGTON dude to young lady: "No woman can make a fool of me." Quick response: "Well, hardly, seeing that Nature has anticipated any such action on the part of our sex."

* * *

WIFE: "You ought to step in and see the doctor, Henry, and get some medicine for your throat." Husband: "What! when there are several bottles of medicine, not yet half taken, in the house! We must be more economical."

* * *

NERVOUS patient (in dentist's chair): "Will it hurt much, doctor?" Dentist (reassuringly): "I'll guarantee it won't hurt a bit." Nervous patient (not convinced): "But what if it should, doctor? What would your guarantee amount to?" Dentist (evidently sure of himself): "If I hurt you, my dear sir, I'll pull every tooth in your head, and it won't cost you a cent."

* * *

A MAN, on being asked by his wife after returning from an excursion down the Delaware Bay what made him look so drowsy, replied: "Nothing, dear; only bay rum. It always makes me feel drowsy when I partake too freely of it." She has forbidden his barber from putting it on his head and face when he gets shaved.

* * *

"I REGARD the use of beer as the true temperance principle. When I work all day and am exhausted, nothing helps me like a glass of beer. It assists nature, you understand," said Remson to Benson. "It makes a fool of me," Benson replied. "Just so," exclaimed Remson. "That's what I say; it assists nature."

* * *

THERE is no balm for the bruised and broken heart of a rejected lover like the sight of his successful rival five years later, leading a procession of seven, including two nurse-maids, a pair of twins, a singleton through a crowded train of cars in search of a place to sit.

* * *

TO DIAGNOSE ALCOHOLISM.—A modern Mrs. Caudle finds that the following, if repeated rapidly and correctly by her husband after a Masonic gathering, is a certain test that he is perfectly sober. "Hawkshaw of Warsaw sang 'See-saw' as he gathered up shells by the sea-shore."

* * *

ALDERMAN B., being bulky, always booked himself for two places in the stage. His servant (a Yorkshireman) returned one day with—"If you please, sir, there warn't two places, like, inside, and so, you see, I booked you one out and one in."

"ELECTRICITY IS LIFE."
(TRADE MARK.)

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GALVANIC BELTS,

FOR the CURE of NERVOUS DISEASES.
HAVE RECEIVED TESTIMONIALS from
THREE PHYSICIANS to
HER MAJESTY the QUEEN,
THE ACADÉMIE DE MÉDECINE of Paris and
FORTY MEMBERS of the
ROYAL COLLEGE of PHYSICIANS of LONDON.

RECENT TESTIMONIALS.

GALVANISM *v.* ASTHMA.

142, Hill-street, Glasgow, 6th December, 1887.

Dear Sir,—I have certainly derived much benefit from your treatment, and I have not had a regular attack of asthma since I first commenced your Band three months ago.—Yours truly, J. NAIRNE.

Mr. Pulvermacher, 194, Regent-street, W.

GALVANISM *v.* NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.

Hawkhurst, Kent, 5th December, 1887.

Dear Sirs,—I am glad to be able to inform you I have derived great benefit from your treatment after suffering for eleven years.

I beg to offer you my most grateful thanks for the kind interest you have taken in my case, and may God bless and prosper your work. I shall be pleased to recommend your treatment to anyone suffering like myself, and am—Yours obediently, E. SWANN.

Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher & Co.

GALVANISM *v.* LOSS of POWER in the HANDS.

10, Camperdown, Great Yarmouth, 4th December, 1887.

Gentlemen,—For some time I lost the use of my hands and was under the treatment of two doctors. They told me it was Paralysis and I was induced to try your Galvanic Bands.

I am thankful to say I have found great relief from your treatment, and can now do my necessary work and can lift things with safety.

I am very grateful for the benefit I have received, and you can make what use you like of my name.—Yours sincerely, LUCY MICKLEBURG.

Messrs. Pulvermacher & Co., 194, Regent-street, W.

GALVANISM *v.* EXTREME NERVOUS DEBILITY.

S.s. Dauntless, Surrey Commercial Dock, S.E., 3rd December, 1887.

Dear Sir,—I am glad to inform you that there has been a decided improvement in my wife's health since wearing your Galvanic Band. She is now in better health than she has been for the last four years, which I solely attribute to the use of your galvanic appliance.—Yours respectfully, C. DOBSON.

Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher, 194, Regent-street, W.

GALVANISM *v.* EXTREME NERVOUS DEBILITY and EXHAUSTION.

Kingston-on-Thames, November 19, 1887.

Dear Sir,—By persevering in the use of your Galvanic appliances, my health, which was completely shattered, has been restored, and the symptoms, only too well known to sufferers from the above complaint, have disappeared.

I will gladly answer any inquiries as to the genuineness and health-restoring properties of your appliances, especially when health has been lost through indiscretion and want of judgment.—Yours very truly, C. GORDING.

Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher, 194, Regent-street, W.

GALVANISM *v.* NEURALGIA and NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.

Pencoyd, Ross, Herefordshire, Nov. 10, 1887.

Gentlemen,—I am pleased to inform you that my brother has derived very much benefit from the use of your Galvanic appliance.

He has not had the Neuralgia once since wearing the Combined Band, and the tired feeling and loss of energy have quite disappeared.—Yours faithfully, M. E. MILES.

Messrs. J. L. Pulvermacher & Co., 194, Regent-street, W.

GALVANISM *v.* RHEUMATISM.

Aldershot Lodge, Aldershot, 9th November, 1887.

Dear Sir,—Some months ago I called at your establishment and purchased a set of Bands for a young girl who was suffering so much from rheumatism that she could not walk.

I am pleased to say that the patient has now left off wearing the appliances, and is perfectly restored, and I should like your advice on another case.—Yours very truly, (Mrs.) C. CLINTON.

Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher, 194, Regent-street, W.

GALVANISM *v.* NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.

The distressing symptoms of Nervous Exhaustion and Debility are speedily removed by means of PULVERMACHER'S world-famed GALVANIC BELTS, which are so arranged as to convey a powerful electric current direct to the affected parts, gradually stimulating and strengthening all the nerves and muscles, and speedily arresting all symptoms of waste and decay.

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GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT,
194, REGENT-STREET, LONDON, W. (nearly opposite Conduit-street).

THE custom of Christmas-boxes took its origin from the following circumstance: Whenever a ship sailed from any of those ports where the religious profession was under the authority of Rome, a certain Saint was always named, unto whose protection its safety was committed, and in that ship there was a box, and into that box every poor person put something in order to induce the priests to pray to that saint for the safe return of the vessel, which box was locked up by the priests, who said that the money should not be taken out until the vessel came back.

* * *

A NOTED physician says many persons, simply by deep and rapid inhalations of pure air, can become as intoxicated on oxygen as if they had taken a draught of alcoholic stimulants. Here is a point for the man who has been walking rapidly home from his club in the night air.

* * *

YOUNG housewife: What miserable little eggs again! You really must tell them, Jane, to let the hens sit on them a little longer.

* * *

WHAT'S NOT IN A NAME?—Little boy (School Board again) to chemist: Please I want a penn'orth of methyl-phenyl-otolylpyrrolin-carboxylic acid for father's children, and three-'aporth of amidomethamidoperchloro-methyl-canidine for baby's cold. (Collapse of chemist.)

* * *

THE *Bellefonte News* tells a rather fishy story about a man who came to that town lately and ate, for the first time in his life, a slice of sponge cake. He liked it, and being assured that it was wholesome, went and bought a lot of sponges and took them home for his wife to make sponge cake of.

Our Letter-Box

"Conference [maketh] a ready man."—*Bacon.*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications for the Editorial Department (including Books for Review, Specimens of Sanitary Appliances, &c.), to be addressed to "THE EDITOR OF HEALTH," 2, PATERNOSTER-SQUARE, LONDON, E.C. *Those intended for the Publishing Office to be sent to* MR. A. P. WATT, THE PUBLISHER, *at the same address.*

RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

OWING to the mass of letters which reaches us each week, we respectfully direct the attention of Correspondents, desiring replies in the LETTER-BOX DEPARTMENT of HEALTH, to the following rules:—

1. All questions are answered free of charge in the columns of HEALTH.
2. All letters must be legibly addressed to "The Editor of HEALTH, 2, Paternoster-square, London, E.C.," *and to no other address.*
3. Questions to which answers are desired by post, are so replied to solely at the Editor's discretion. If no answer is sent by post, the query will be replied to in the "Letter-Box" columns of HEALTH. A stamped addressed envelope must accompany all queries to which a private reply is desired.
4. Addresses of physicians and surgeons will, as heretofore, be forwarded FREE to Correspondents on their enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for reply.
5. Correspondents are requested to write on one side of the paper only, and to make their inquiries as brief as may be consistent with clearness.

OUR PRESENT CONDITION.

THE RESULT OF SOME INVESTIGATIONS FOR THE BENEFIT OF ALL.

STATISTICS show that Nottingham, when compared with other provincial cities, is fully as sanitary and healthy; indeed, there is no reason why this should not be so, for the pure water, fine surroundings, and untainted air all combine to make this most satisfactory state of affairs. During the past season, however, there has been an alarming increase of certain kinds of diseases, and while the dryness of the season, and consequent exposure of impure matter, have doubtless contributed to bring this about, there is, as yet, reason to believe an increase of mortality, the result of natural causes, is taking place in our midst. This fact is especially true with reference to those diseases which affect the kidneys and liver. An alarming increase of complaints which arise from the derangement of these functions furnishes an adequate reason for investigating the matter, and in order to thoroughly do so a representative of Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co. has made some careful inquiries, and with the following results:

An alarming increase in a short time in diseases of liver and kidneys was found to have taken place, and when these troubles are not promptly and properly met, they result in other troubles, and the most serious consequences ensue. Many persons were found who had suffered, but by quick action and the use of proper medicines had been able to escape any serious consequences. The representative found that in most cases a widely advertised remedy was the medicine used, and in each instance the result had been most satisfactory and beneficial, and with these facts before him, he started on a tour of inspection among those who sell and those who use this wonderful remedy.

The first call was on Mr. Jessie Boot, manager of Boot's Pure Drug Company, at 16 & 20, Goosegate, who was asked what he knew of the use of Warner's SAFE Cure in Nottingham. Mr. Boot replied that the sale of this remedy was exceedingly large, not only in Nottingham, but in both their branches in Sheffield and in Lincoln—in fact, for the space of time it had been before the public the demand was the largest he had ever known; and that this large and constantly increasing demand conclusively proved that Warner's SAFE Cure possessed the merit claimed for it.

Mr. Cook, the chemist of Hyson Green, also spoke in high terms of the SAFE Remedies, saying that the demand for them was large, and that he was doing a very brisk trade with them, and that they were evidently giving the greatest satisfaction on all sides.

Mr. Hopkins, of 88 & 90, Alfred-street, South Nottingham, was the next chemist visited by the reporter. Mr. Hopkins spoke in the highest terms of praise of the SAFE Remedies, especially the SAFE Cure, and said that he had personal knowledge of several instances where the greatest benefits obtained by patients were from its use.

The next chemist met was Mr. Allsop, of 39, Denman-street, New Radford, Nottingham, who said that he was being constantly asked for Warner's SAFE Cure, and that in one case in particular of severe liver trouble the "Cure" had proved most effective.

After listening to the chemists, the representative next sought out some of the persons who had been personally benefited by the use of Warner's SAFE Remedies. The first subject was Mr. William Deaken, of 7, Tudor-grove, who stated that the remedies, in his opinion, had actually saved the life of his wife. She was so weak that she could not walk upstairs or lift a book from the table, all resulting from severe liver troubles, constipation, nervousness, &c. As a last resort, and after the doctors had said they "could do nothing for her," he had tried Warner's SAFE Cure. Four bottles had resulted in wonderful recuperation, and that continued use had entirely cured her of all trouble except the nervousness, which was entirely mastered with Warner's SAFE *Nervine*. Mr. Deaken said he could honestly and confidently recommend the SAFE Remedies to the millions who were suffering, and that he was always ready and willing to give his experience to anyone, for he felt so grateful for the good they had done his wife.

Mrs. Mary Maltby, of 22, Connaught-street, Radford, Nottingham, stated that for eight or ten years she was a great sufferer from nervous exhaustion, combined with constipation and severe pains in the back, and every few minutes would have to sit down to get relief. She had tried doctor after doctor, and had gained no relief. Finally, she secured some of Warner's SAFE Cure, and from its use had obtained the greatest possible benefit, and had the greatest faith in its merits.

Mrs. Ellen Yeomans, of 42, Garden-street, Radford, stated that indigestion had made her life miserable for two years, that she could seldom take a meal, was incapacitated from her ordinary household duties. She had tried all kinds of remedies and many doctors, but without any good resulting, until Mr. Shippam, the chemist of 120, Denman-street, told her husband to try Warner's SAFE Cure. The result of the use of this medicine was marvellous, and she had been enabled to resume all her duties without any trouble.

Mr. Wm. Keyworth, of 78, Moffat-street, Nottingham, was very emphatic in his endorsement of Warner's SAFE Cure, and said that its efficacy could not be doubted after a fair trial. It had cured him completely of nervous debility and dizziness in the head. He stated that he always kept it on hand, and would not be without it.

The conclusions which the people of Nottingham must inevitably draw from the above reliable facts are these: first, that the increase of these serious complaints of the kidneys and liver is such as to cause careful concern; and secondly, that a pure and certain remedy has been found which will prevent the approach of these diseases, or, where they have become seated, will furnish a cure. Truths are what the public desire, especially when vital issues are depending, and the above information is given for the benefit of all.—*Nottingham Express.*

RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS—*continued.*

6. From the necessity of sending HEALTH to press early in the week, no Correspondent can be replied to in the "Letter-Box" columns in the same week in which the inquiry is received. Replies crushed out of any issue will be found in the succeeding number.
7. No Post Cards must be used in sending queries. Violation of this rule deprives the sender of the privilege of a reply.

[Replies which have been crushed out of the present number will be given in next week's issue.]

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

REPLIES: GENERAL, SANITARY, AND MEDICAL.

JACKS. — 1. The circular you send is that of a well-known "reverend" quack. As you value your health, have nothing to do with him. 2. You had better not trust any such American appliances. Try Pulvermacher's Belts advertised in our pages. 3. Usually a sign of much mental exertion: but of course you would require to be perfectly certain, first of all, that the phosphates were in excess.

ORPHEUS.—The only advice we can give you is that of guarding well against colds. Clothe warmly all winter in Messrs. Ward's (of Bradford) Woollen Underclothing, and take, after your meals, a dessertspoonful of Scott's Pure Cod Oil Emulsion thrice daily. What you complain of will probably disappear under this treatment.

MAUD.—The substance you name is harmless enough, but we advise you to try Dahl's Cakes (advertised in our pages) as a much preferable substitute. These Cakes are not drugs, and hence may be freely used for long periods. As regards diet, see advice given to "Hester" in last week's HEALTH.

ANXIETY.—We have not heard of a map showing the distribution of cancer: but you may find information on this subject in past volumes of HEALTH. Can any correspondent refer us to any such map?

SOLUS.—Any druggist will supply you with spirits of wine. Rest as much as possible before the periods you name, and avoid mental worry and anxiety. With some, the frequency you name is not unnatural.

BETA.—We have no faith in the very wide statements of the circular you enclose. You would be much safer with the Vin Mariani, to be purchased of Messrs. Roberts, Chemists, New Bond-street, London, W., or of any good druggist.

B. VANSITTART. — Your nervous condition may be greatly against your effective performance of the duties you name. Mental action has well-known effects on these duties. Our advice to you is to live plainly, and to try the effect of the Vin Mariani above recommended to "Beta," in conjunction with a Pulvermacher's Belt. If this advice does not relieve you, write again by all means. Be moderate in the duties named for at least six months.

VAR.—Send us stamped addressed envelope and we will send you the address of a competent physician you should consult. There are certain elements in your case which a physician skilled in such ailments will readily cure. You need be under no apprehensions. A course of stimulating treatment will cure you.

ACID.—Apply to Mr. Pulvermacher directly, 194, Regent-street, London, W. You must beware of quack belts, and you had better consult a physician before attempting any such system of cure.

RUSTIC.—The treatment (by inhalation, by Scott's Cod Oil Emulsion, and the medicine you are taking) constitutes an admirable one for your cold. Clothe warmly in woollen undergarments all winter (Ward & Co.'s make, Bradford)

and thus lessen your liability to chill. You may find great benefit from occasionally varying the inhalation by trying (at bedtime) one made by adding a teaspoonful of Friar's Balsam to a pint of hot water.

HOPEFUL ONE.—Give the Dahl's Cakes (advertised in our pages) a fair trial. Use them as directed on the box. Messrs. Clark & Pinkerton, are the agents for them in your city, we believe. See that you continue your care in diet; avoid tea and coffee, and cheese and other indigestible foods; and if these cakes are insufficient for your cure, write us again.

JOHN WILSON.—Lime Juice cannot certainly aid your cure, but may, contrariwise, impair your digestion further. Follow out the advice given to "Hopeful One" above regarding the use of Dahl's Cakes as a digestive aid to you in the first instance, and try the effect of a vegetable diet in greater part, for a time at least. If these diet hints do not cure you, write again. What you complain of usually arises from liver disturbance, which a change of food, as advised, will very likely cure.

TENOR.—Try the Friar's Balsam by all means at bedtime chiefly, so as to guard against risk of cold thereafter; but you should also purchase a Burrough's Chloride of Ammonium inhaler, which is most effective in the treatment of such ailments as yours. Your druggist will supply you with one. The makers are Burroughs, Wellcome & Co., Snow-hill Buildings, London, E.C. The tincture of iodine should be discontinued. As you do not lose flesh, we should say your case is most hopeful. Take a teaspoonful of Syrup of the Hypophosphites after meals in a wineglass of water thrice daily.

D. P.—The Cascara Sagrada has no action directly on the kidneys, and so far from having any tendency to produce hæmorrhoids, it cures them by relieving constipation in a natural fashion. Give Dahl's Cakes a trial—see advertisement in our pages.

E. M. F.—We do not know the filter you name; it cannot be a British or well-known foreign make as we cannot identify it at all. Our advice to you is to purchase one of Howie's Filters (Hurlford, Kilmarnock, N.B.), advertised in our pages, as a cleanly, simple, and effective apparatus for the household supply of pure water.

MARTIN L.—For harmless hair-dyes, apply to the French Hygienic Society, 56, Conduit-street, Regent-street, London, W.

W. T. MACDONALD.—[Will you kindly note the correct address of HEALTH Office? You addressed your note to our former office.] Do not take so much tea; try cocoa (Van Houten's) in place of tea, and rest after your meals regularly.

VIC.—[See notice to above correspondent regarding erroneous address.] Your diet question is much too general. We may say celery has no such virtues as you name. The diet for "nervous" persons must be simply one easy of digestion. Avoid much butcher meat; take Brand's Beef Essence in the form of soups; white boiled fish; oysters; and plenty of milk puddings made with Marshall's Tritola. Bokö should be taken to dinner daily.

SCUTUM.—Snuff up a little powdered galls when your nose bleeds, and apply cold to the nape of the neck. Keep the head high. If your system is low, take a teaspoonful of Syrup of the Hypophosphites twice daily, after meals, in a wineglass of water.

AN EX-CONSUL'S STORY.

From "The Brooklyn Eagle."

A late United States Consul at one of the English ports, who is now a private resident of New York, relates the following interesting story:—

"On my last voyage home from England, some three years ago, in one of the Cunard steamers, I noticed one morning, after a few days out of port, a young man hobbling about on the upper deck, supported by crutches and seeming to move with extreme difficulty and no little pain. He was well dressed and of exceedingly handsome countenance, but his limbs were somewhat emaciated and his face very sallow and bore the traces of long suffering. As he seemed to have no attendant or companion, he at once attracted my sympathies, and I went up to him as he leaned against the taffrail looking out on the foaming track which the steamer was making. 'Excuse me, my young friend,' I said, touching him gently on the shoulder, 'you appear to be an invalid and hardly able or strong enough to trust yourself unattended on an ocean voyage; but if you require any assistance I am a robust and healthy man and shall be glad to help you.' 'You are very kind,' he replied, in a weak voice,' but I require no present aid beyond my crutches, which enable me to pass from my stateroom up here to get the benefit of the sunshine and the sea breeze.' 'You have been a great sufferer, no doubt,' I said, 'and I judge that you have been afflicted with that troublesome disease—rheumatism, whose prevalence and intensity seem to be on an alarming increase both in England and America.' 'You are right,' he answered; I have been its victim for more than a year, and after failing to find relief from medical skill, have lately tried the springs of Carlsbad and Vichy: but they have done me no good, and I am now on my return home to Missouri to die, I suppose. I shall be content if life is spared me to reach my mother's presence. She is a widow, and I am her only child.' There was a pathos in this speech which affected me profoundly, and awakened in me a deeper sympathy than I had felt before. I had no words to answer him, and stood silently beside him watching the snowy wake of the ship. While thus standing, my thoughts reverted to a child—a ten-year old boy—of a neighbour of mine, residing near my consulate residence, who had been cured of a stubborn case of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and I remembered that the steward of the ship had told me the day before that he had cured himself of a very severe attack of the gout, in New York, just before his last voyage, by the use of the same remedy. I at once left my young friend and went below to find the steward. I not only found him off duty, but discovered that he had a bottle of the Oil in his locker, which he had carried across the ocean in case of another attack. He readily parted with it on my representation, and, hurrying up again, I soon persuaded the young man to allow me to take him to his berth and apply the remedy. After doing so, I covered him up snugly in bed, and requested him not to get up until I should see him again. That evening I returned to his state-room, and found him sleeping peacefully and breathing gently. I roused him, and inquired how he felt. 'Like a new man,' he answered with a grateful smile. 'I feel no pain, and am able to stretch my limbs without difficulty, I think I'll get up.' 'No, don't get up to-night,' I said, 'but let me rub you again with the Oil, and in the morning you will be much better able to go above.' 'All right,' he said, laughing. I then applied the Oil, again rubbing his knees, ankles, and arms thoroughly, until he said he felt as if he had a mustard poultice all over his body. I then left him. The next morning when I went up on deck for a breezy promenade, according to my custom, I found my patient waiting for me with a smiling face, *and without his crutches*, although he limped in his movements, but without pain. I don't think I ever felt so happy in my life. To make a long story short, I attended him closely during the rest of our voyage—some four days—applying the Oil every night, and guarding him against too much exposure to the fresh and damp spring breezes; and on landing at New York he was able, without assistance, to mount the hotel omnibus and go to the Astor House. I called on him two days later, and found him actually engaged in packing his trunk, preparatory to starting West, for his home, that evening. With a bright and grateful smile he welcomed me, and pointing to a little box carefully done up in thick brown paper, which stood upon the table, he said: 'My good friend, can you guess what that is?' 'A present for your sweetheart,' I answered. 'No,' he laughed, that is a dozen bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, which I have just purchased from Hudnut, the druggist across the way, and I am taking them home to show my good mother what has saved her son's life and restored him to her in health. And with it, I would like to carry you along also, to show her the face of him, without whom I should probably never have tried it. If you should ever visit the little village of Sedalia, in Missouri, Charlie Townsend and his mother will welcome you to their little home with hearts full of gratitude, and they will show you a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil enshrined in a silver and gold casket, which we shall keep as a parlour ornament as well as a memento of our meeting on the Cunard steamer.' We parted after an hour's pleasant chat with mutual good-will and esteem, and a few weeks afterwards I received a letter from him telling me he was in perfect health, and containing many graceful expressions of his affectionate regards."

PARENT.—Try the following lotion, which is to be sponged over the head once or twice daily where the ringworm patches exist: Strong acetic acid, half an ounce; glycerine, two drachms; carbolic acid, half a drachm; elder-flower water, three ounces; rose water, to six ounces. Make a lotion. Label: "For outside use only." If the ringworm spots are on the body paint them with ink, or with tincture of iodine. Wash the hair twice a week with Iodoform Soap and tepid water. As there is always bodily weakness in these cases, give Scott's Pure Cod Liver Oil Emulsion after meals.

HOPE.—The person named is a quack, and well-known as such. Avoid him by all means. Read the pamphlet, "A Lecture to Young Men" (price 1s. 1d., post free, from Mr. Renshaw, 356, Strand, London, W.C.), for an exposure of quackery of the kind you name.

E. JACKSON.—Try one or two of Bragg's Charcoal Biscuits, which are usually highly effectual in curing bad breath if arising from the stomach. Look to your food as well, and see that your teeth are properly attended to.

FAITHFUL G.—Try Tidman's Sea Salt, heated dry, and applied in flannel bags (or stockings) to the painful parts. Twenty grains bromide of potash may be given, in water, when the pain is very severe.

DUNCAN L.—Your case is simply one for excessive care in diet. Rest after your meals for at least an hour. Take nourishing soups (eat little solid flesh-meat), made with Brand's Beef Essences, &c., white boiled fish, stale bread, milk puddings, and corn flour. Boiled fowl may also agree with you. Take, also, Lactopeptine with your meals daily, and afterwards try fifteen drops of Fer Bravais after your food, in water, twice daily, for a time.

Y. F.—The mouth-wash of which we approve most highly is Dr. Pierre's Eau Dentifrice. Use this regularly after your meals, and brush your teeth with the Tooth Powder or Paste of Dr. Pierre. A medium brush, as to hardness, should be used.

N. O. X.—We think you could not do better than give the food a trial as a concentrated food. The other foods made by this firm are also highly commended, and useful as a handy food. Bokö̈l should be used to dinner daily. Try Borthwick's Winter Cream as an application to the skin.

VEXED. — You should wear an elastic stocking, or try one of Dr. Martin's bandages, to be had from Krohne & Sesemann, Duke-street, Manchester-square, W. As aids to recovery, see that you sleep with your feet elevated, or elevate the foot of your bed. Avoid constipation especially, and when at rest have your feet elevated slightly. Grant's Scotch Oat Flour should be taken by you in place of tea and coffee daily.

F. JAMES.—Try the remedy you name and report result to us please. It will do you no harm in any case, and may be productive of good. Write again in a fortnight after trying the remedy.

CHRISTIAN. — Wash the parts with Bayley's Spermaceti Soap (17, Cockspur-street, Pall-mall, London, S.W.), and thereafter dust on a little of Woolley's Sanitary Rose Powder. Look well to the state of your clothing.

PEEBLES. — Allow one of Wyeth's Chlorate of Potash Tablets to dissolve in your mouth occasionally; and at bedtime inhale the vapour arising from a pint of hot water to which a teaspoonful of Friar's Balsam has been added.

R. SCOTT.—Your only course is to consult a good surgeon. We can send you address of such on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

ELLEN CRAMPTON.—If you will wear the Hygeia Corset of Messrs. Ward, Eldon-buildings, Bradford, you will find it a healthful and safe dress appliance, constructed so as to fit your chest, and to avoid all injurious pressure.

VERAX.—Such cases are not uncommon. We advise you simply to look to your general health, and to try the Vin Mariani above recommended to "Beta." Of course, you must assure yourself that there is no physical deformity on the other side. It is probable that a physician's advice would assist you in this matter, and render your desires easy of accomplishment.

R. W. S.—As you are improving in your general health, we advise you again to avoid all drugs, save, perhaps, Fer Bravais, which you might take in fifteen drop doses, thrice daily, after food, in water. Simply live quietly and let your food be generous in character. A little Bokö̈l taken with your dinner would help you.

J. U.—The silk cannot affect your breath. Look to your teeth, and brush your teeth daily with Dr. Pierre's Tooth Powder (advertised in our pages), using also his Eau Dentifrice as a mouth-wash. A charcoal biscuit eaten after your meals may aid you towards a cure. If not bettered, write again.

POLYPUS.—The only remedy is to have the growth removed by a surgeon. If you send stamped addressed envelope, we will forward surgeon's address.

N. D. (Newcastle).—1. No; the two medical qualifications are quite distinct. It is not necessary to become M.R.C.S. before taking the M.B. or M.D. degrees. 2. We do not know what you mean by the "lowest degree or diploma." Any registered medical man can sign such certificates. 3. Daily washing does cause thinness of the beard and whiskers in many persons, and in any case the hair of the head is of widely different quality from that of the face. 4. Newcastle, we believe.

NATURE. — The proper way of stating the fact is that the event you name is most likely to occur about ten days before and ten days after the period you name. If you subtract the ten days before and after, you leave the interval you name.

E. FELTON. — Try Bayley's Cure (17, Cockspur-street, Pall-mall, London, S.W.), and use both the Pyrmont Tablets and the ointment regularly.

EVERSFIELD. — Twyford's "Unitas" is the closet we recommend you to fit up in your house. It is cleanly, simple, and not liable to derangement.

PETER HUME.—Press out the blackheads, and thereafter sponge the skin with Bayley's Lavender Water (17, Cockspur-street, London, S.W.); take hot baths occasionally, and use one of Wilson's Friction Gloves to the skin regularly.

PAMELA.—1. Try Dahl's Cakes, as advertised in our pages. 2. The mineral water you are taking is unadapted for your case. Try Æsculap Water instead.

MARJORY W. — See advice given to "Peter Hume" above.

MOLLER'S COD LIVER OIL.

IS NOT AN EMULSION, AND DOES NOT, CONSEQUENTLY, CONTAIN THE 50 PER CENT., OR MORE OF WATER USUALLY CHARGED FOR AT THE PRICE OF OIL

PERFECTED IN ONE OPERATION! NO AFTER-MANIPULATIONS!

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(24 SAMPLES 7 STAMPS) BIRMINGHAM.

FIRST ESTABLISHED 1825.

NEAVE'S FOOD FOR INFANTS, THE AGED & INVALIDS.

The Best and Cheapest Farinaceous Food.

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IN ONE-POUND CANISTERS, ONE SHILLING EACH.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

WHOLESALE OF THE MANUFACTURERS

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SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES

Is three times as efficacious as the plain Oil.

It is almost as palatable as milk.

It does not nauseate or produce a loathing for food like the plain oil.

The Hypophosphites and Oil are so skilfully combined, that they are much more potent in building up flesh and strength than if taken separately, and SCOTT'S EMULSION is to-day the best remedial agent for the cure of

CONSUMPTION, CHRONIC COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ANÆMIA, WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN and GENERAL DEBILITY.

Physicians universally prescribe it in preference to the plain oil, having seen its remarkable curative effects.

Any chemist can supply it at 2/6 and 4/6.

Established over Sixty Years.

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By Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen, 1852.

J. PULLAR & SONS intimate that in their Works there is every convenience and appliance for Cleaning and Dyeing in the best style the varied and expensive materials in use for Ladies' and Gentlemen's wear, as well as for Household purposes. They direct attention to the superiority of their workmanship, and to the regularity and speed with which articles are returned.

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INVALUABLE FOR GENERAL WEAKNESS OR DEBILITY.

LANCET.—"*Colloid hydrate*" *of iron.* "*Neutral and tasteless solution.*" "*A beautiful and interesting preparation.*"

BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.—"*A remarkably valuable preparation.*" "*Has all the good effects of iron without producing constipation or disturbing the digestion,*" *and* "*does not blacken the teeth.*" "*An eminent London Physician writes to us,* 'I HAVE TRIED IT EXTENSIVELY, AND HAVE GIVEN IT IN CASES IN WHICH NO OTHER FORM OF IRON COULD BE TAKEN. IT IS *the best preparation of iron* I HAVE MET WITH.'"

LONDON MEDICAL RECORD.—"*Tasteless, free from styptic character, a most energetic preparation—the beau ideal of a ferruginous tonic.*"

Sold by all the principal Chemists and Druggists, in Bottles in portable Card Cases, with Drop Measure complete, sufficient for six or three weeks' treatment. Prices, 4s. 6d. and 3s. per Bottle, respectively.

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A CERTAIN CURE FOR SCURF.

FOR PARTICULARS APPLY TO THE

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FOR

GOUT, RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA.

OF ALL CHEMISTS.

TOOTH-ACHE

CURED INSTANTLY BY

BUNTER'S NERVINE

Prevents Decay. Saves Extraction. Sleepless Nights Prevented. Neuralgic Head-aches and all Nerve Pains removed by Bunter's Nervine.

All Chemists, 1s. 1½d.

BUNTER'S DENTINE

Is the most Simple & Durable Stopping for Decayed Teeth.

One can easily prepare and place it in the cavity of the Tooth in a soft state, and in a few hours it becomes a perfectly hard and white Enamel, forming as it were a part of the original substance of the Tooth. All Chemists, 1s. 6d.

ONE BOX

OF

CLARKE'S B41 PILLS

IS WARRANTED TO CURE

All ailments of the Urinary Organs (acquired or constitutional), Gravel, and Pains in the Back.

GUARANTEED FREE FROM MERCURY.

Sold in Boxes, 4s. 6d. each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World; or sent to any address for sixty stamps by the Makers,

THE LINCOLN AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG COMPANY, LINCOLN.

Wholesale Agents: BARCLAY & SONS, London and all the Wholesale Houses.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

ARE universally admitted to be worth a Guinea a Box for Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fullness and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy and Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. The first dose will give relief in twenty minutes.

Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one box of these Pills and they will be acknowledged to be

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

For females of all ages these Pills are invaluable, as a few doses of them carry off all humours, and bring about all that is required. No female should be without them. There is no medicine to be found equal to Beecham's Pills for removing any obstruction or irregularity of the system. If taken according to the directions given with each box they will soon restore females of all ages to sound and robust health. This has been proved by thousands who have tried them, and found the benefits which are ensured by their use.

For a Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, and all Disorders of the Liver, they act like magic, and a few doses will be found to work wonders on the most important organs in the human machine. They strengthen the whole muscular system, restore the long lost complexion, bring back the keen edge of appetite, and arouse into action with the rosebud of health the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are FACTS testified continually by members of all classes of society; and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is, BEECHAM'S PILLS *have the Largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the world.*

Prepared only and Sold Wholesale and Retail by the proprietor, THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, in boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere.

N.B.—Full directions are given with each box.

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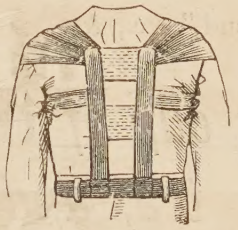
From Corsets  or Suspenders.

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Draws the Shoulders *backward* instead of forward, leaving the Sides *free*, and enlarging the Bust. It therefore improves the Digestion, Health, and Figure. It supports also the lower garments by running the belt through latches on the waistband of Trousers, or looping Petticoats to studs on the belt.

"No Brace can be made more agreeable and effective."

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VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA.

GUARANTEED PURE AND SOLUBLE.

Is simply unequalled, and really the Cheapest in the end.

THE BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL says: "**Van Houten's Cocoa** is admirable. In flavour it is perfect; and it is so pure, well prepared, and rich in alkaloid, that it may with great advantage be largely used in public institutions as well as in private families."

THE LANCET remarks: ". . . . . It goes a long way, and is really cheaper to use in the end," &c., &c.

A cup of **this** *Cocoa costs no more than a cup of tea, and is a HIGHLY NUTRITIVE beverage.*

Digested with marvellous facility by the most delicate Invalids and Children.
Made instantly with boiling water.

Invaluable in Railway Stations, Hospitals, on board Ship, in the Camp, for WORKMEN (at home, and to take to their Work), &c., &c.

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